WAYSIDE GARNITURE

THOMAS HOBBS STACY

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WAYSIDE GARNITURE

BY

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BOSTON
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY
1912

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To the woods and brooks that call me when the spring comes;
To the hills and meadows once my world, the whole;
To the mystery of sky that moves above me;
To the sea whose swing and music thrill my soul.
To the life which bade me live and grow forever;
To the hand stretched out to clasp and stay my own;
To my faithful friends who ever love and bless me,
Though my faults so many are and plainly shown.

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PROLOGUE

I've watched the wayside garniture as I
Have come this dusty road, the summer long.
E'en when the hiding snow-crusts chilled the air
Brown Alders hung their tasseled festoons to
The humid breeze, which swung and swayed above
The babbling brook. The Willow Catkins showed
Their silver backs, and Elm and Maple arched
The way with myriad bloom.
Arbutus washed
Its waxen leaves, spread wide its petals pink,
And lent the air a fragrance, none more sweet.
Then came the Trillium, Hepatica,
Anemone, and Fern-fronds, pushing up
Through last year's stubble brown, and sticks the drift
Of many storms, beneath the Shad-bush white.
Wild Columbine hung here and there its bells—
Which swung as free as those pagoda bells
'Neath Burma's open sky,—to tell the elves
Which had not wakened yet, that spring, with pale

Bluets and velvet violets, had come.
Then there were Buttercups of nitid gold,
And drifts of Daisies like the drifts of snow,
In smell of clustered crimson Strawberries.
All succulent and trembling with the hum
Of busy bees, the Clover, red and white,
Tossed to and fro amid the tangled grass,
And then in wealth of bloom came Meadow Sweet
With Hardhack, thick o'er hump and cradle spread,
Stiff standing like a marshaled army, spear
In hand: all tipped with floral flesh and blood;
And this with Brakes, Sweet Fern was mixed among.
No scant of Yarrow all the summer through;
While August's lap with Everlastings filled:
Until the Gentian starred it all with blue;
And Clematis which climbs the alder hedge
To silken plumelets turned, in swinging winds;
And satin pods from Milk-weed blossoms grew.

Ah! who can sing September's garnish rare?
When Golden-rod and Golden-rod bends o'er
The well worn ruts, and nods and sways, as though
To say the richest garlands waited long
To come among the last, and we have come
An oriental shoder's golden gift,
With much of silver in the yellow mix.

And yet the honors must divided be,
Twixt this, and sapphire blue, and amethyst;
For Asters wild droop heavy on their stems
In great profusion spread, droop even to
The dusty road, and make it beautiful:
As if the sky had sent some patches down
For men to use in mending up their ways.
—So rare these Asters are, 'twere better far
To have a way that needed mending much,
Than not to have them beam their eyes at us.—

October air is raw and chilly, quite:
But yet the road is not bereft of all
Its brightness. Russet, red, and golden-brown
Is all the foliage, with here and there
Some olive-green among the falling leaves:
For fast they fall, and rustle 'neath our feet;
Until November's leaden sky,—oft winged
By wailing geese,—looks down on branches bare.
And too, when all the leaves are dry and dead,
The scarlet Alder-berries burn, as though
The bush were lit with fire; and with them flares
The Sumach's crimson torch, to offer still
Some beauty to the half forsaken road,
And bid defiance to the morrow's snow.

So all along the beaten way of life
I've found some garniture to brighten it;
Else oft, 'twould have been bare, and lonely too.
But this sweet garniture,—sometimes so fresh,
As though the earth had proffered from her heart
Her choicest gifts, amid the dews of heaven,
To make a brighter day for those who passed;
Sometimes low bent beneath the falling rain,
Or clouds of dust,—for all must share the lot
Of those to whom they dare to give themselves:—
But this sweet garniture made fair the road,
And blessed the life of him who came that way.

As I have passed, I've gathered here and there
Some sprays for memory's sake; sprays full of dew
And sun, sprays bent 'neath dust or falling rain;
But I have bound them into one bouquet,
Just as I gathered them. So take them all.
Some breathe of early spring, impetuous;
And some of summer's heated crucible,
While some take color from the autumn frost,
That falling left a mark. But take them all;

They'll speak to you of days when clouds hung
low,
And rain mixed with the tears upon my face;
They'll show you much that came to help me
on,
Perhaps they'll help you too, as on you go.

MEMORIES OF THE MILL

I HEAR the waters falling o'er the dam beside
the mill,
As in the chamber of the miller's house, 'twas
dark and still;
And I, a lad, was drifting to the vales of dream-
land deep,
The falling water's calling, ever calling me to
sleep.

I see the pond behind the mill, where tempting
fishes swim:
And bending hemlocks bathe their tips across
the water's brim;
The glancing birds that sing, and answer to
each other's calls:
The summer lilies blooming, and the autumn
cardinals.

I see the miller standing in the doorway of the mill:
His smiling, pollen dusted face, speaks welcome and good will;
While up the granite stairway, and beyond the balcony,
The good wife pauses, mid her work, a hostess kind to be.

The miller takes no toll from me, but adds unto my grist,
Then feels the meal,—that it is fine—and gives his gauge a twist;
And turns to ask me of myself, and of my family:
For he the royal father is, of all that progeny.

Abstemious in habits, he—unmarred by tyrant drink—
When questions of importance came, knew well the ways to think:
He had convictions strong, by fear or favor undeterred:
And when he spoke, 'twas understood the miller kept his word.

His God he loved devotedly, his fellow men also:
His means, himself, he gave, religious profits to bestow;
And to God's house he always brought devotion deep and true,
A pillar in the parish church, as all his neighbors knew.

I loved the miller well, and more, I loved his daughters too;
So very near and dear to me were all, all that I knew;
For two had died before I could remember them, and he
From whom I took my name, to hold him in fond memory.

I loved his daughters all, but one, ah! one more than the rest;
The things which made us one I can't explain,—'tis God knows best;
Her place within my heart, I could not give another here,
I think you will not blame me, for she was my mother dear.

You know a mother's love, and none is like it anywhere!
Care filled and burdened though she be, it reaches for your care;
It counsels with unselfishness, God speeds you on your way,
And when you're gone does not forget with mighty faith to pray.

The miller, and the gristmill, and the miller's daughters all,
Have passed beyond my vision, and the sound of human call:
But when my childhood days come back—an ever glad refrain,—
I turn to them in memory, and then sometimes, again

I hear the waters fall, like wind-swept rain, beside the mill,
As in the chamber of the miller's house, 'twas dark and still;
And I, a lad, was drifting to the vales of dream-land deep,
The falling waters calling, ever calling me to sleep.

SHINING STARS

We shine to light the palace of the King;
About His throne we stand both night and day:
And when His messengers go out and come,
However, far their flight, we point the way.

About His banquet-board we glow in fires:
We show the harpers where to strike the strings,
The trumpeters their scores, the chorus when
The sweetest singer lifts the voice and sings.

So far away, you know but few of us:
So far apart, each, others cannot see;
But with the great Director's lifted hand,
Through endless realms, we move in harmony.

When speaks the Ruler of the universe,
Vast solitudes awake to bide His word;
We bate our flight to make a longer day,
And fight for them whose glory is the Lord.

The morning and the evening stars unite
In notes of joy, when over sands untrod
Before, the feet of men find Bethlehem;
And bring their gifts to Him who leads to God.

No earthly potentate this palace owns;
The King of kings immensity enshrines;
He lives throughout the whole, and but reflects
Him in the brightest star that sings, and shines.

BE A MAN

What shall I be?
A lawyer, doctor, minister?
A teacher wise? Of industry
A knight? A holder of the land?
Or shall I dare to sail the sea?
What shall I be?

Oh, be a man!
A man is more than title grand;
A man is more than president
Or king; for office held unmanned
Brings only shame and discontent.
Oh, be a man!

The world needs men;
Men that cannot be bought or sold;
And men who honor God and self
Too much to wrong their fellow-men,
Or give their soul for sordid pelf;
The world needs men.

Then be a man!
You can be that, though not a prince
Or admiral. 'Twill satisfy
You in the end. Though fame dwells far
Away, life's real success lives nigh:
Then be a man!

HOW YOU DO IT

How you do it is more than the doing:
For how you have done it is you;
And the stumbling, disfigured is welcome,
So long as the purpose rings true.

Better left it undone were it done wrong,
With grudging and slavish disdain;
Such a spirit but mars the first doing,
And spoils it for doing again.

Try to do it with love, or just leave it,
For someone will lovingly do;
And that someone will get the rich blessing,
That once was intended for you.

Oh, take care, nation strong, in your grasping
For wider and wider domain,
Lest the whole world, onlooking, berate you,
And turning, shall strike you again.

Oh, take care, suffragette, in your doing,
While seeking the vote rightly yours;
If you storm, overbear in your getting,
What will you at Primary doors?

Oh, my brother pressed low with your labor,
Whatever the point of your view,
As you seek to throw off harsh oppression,
Take care, oh, take care how you do.

There is more in the way that you do it,
Than whether you do it at all:
For the way will be great and far-reaching,
Though deeds may be feeble and small.

COME OUT TO KAMEIDO

Kameido is one of the attractive sections of Tokyo, Japan. It has its temple, its pond and horseshoe-shaped bridge, its white marble cow and the tortoise well, Kameido, which gives the place its name. It is especially noted for its camellias and wistarias, the latter often hanging in racemes three or four feet long; and its five hundred old plum trees, gnarled and mossy, and most beautiful when in bloom.

Come out to Kameido, when the Plum trees
are a-blow;
The gnarled and mossy, half a thousand Plum
trees, row on row;
The bees a-hum, the floral glory spreading arm
and arch,
You'll find in Kameido, at the blooming time in
March.
Come out to Kameido.

Come out to Kameido, when Camellia blooms
are fair:
In waxy green, the red and pink, the spotless
white so rare.
If 'mid the source of deep intoxication you
would be,
Camellia heath and holt of Kameido come and
see—
Come out to Kameido.

Come out to Kameido, it will pay you well I
ween,
When vari-hued Wistarias festoon themselves
in sheen;
When pendulous Wistarias in zephyrs swing and
sway,
From Kameido's bowers, in the fragrant month
of May.
Come out to Kameido.

NIKKO

Nikko? Nikko?
Daiyagawa plunging through it,
Fed with fury, filled with gladness;
Lacquered bridges, whence you view it,
Arched above its swirling madness.
Lift your eyes to Chiuzenji,
Blue and placid, in the shadow
Of the lofty Nantai-zan. See
Nantai-zan o'er wood and meadow;
That is Nikko.

Nikko? Nikko?
All about your Chapels, Temples,
Rich in lacquer, gold and bronzes,
Carved in traceries and dimples,
Bird and beast and dragon sconces.
Torii and Shrines of Shoguns,
Shrines exquisite, sweet paths ending:
Seried ranks of Lantern platoons,
All beneath a blue sky bending;
That is Nikko.

Nikko? Nikko?
Cryptomerias so stately,
Rising straight and high above us,
Thick in groves, and files sedately
Whispering o'er sighing lovers.
Skirting paths of friends and strangers,
'Mong the hedges, hedges crossing,
There are banks of Hydrangeas,
Plume on plume in glory tossing;
That is Nikko.

Nikko? Nikko?
Priests, and gods, and sandal incense!
But Azaleas, glade flooding!
Here, Azaleas and miles hence,
Blossoms opened wide and budding;
Half a hundred feet above you,
White Azaleas, cloud-pillows,
Red Azaleas that love you,
Rolling on in swelling billows;
That is Nikko.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN

(Dedicated to Old Home Week.)

Beyond an apple orchard and beside a mossy wall,
There was a little Garden, full of flowers great and small,
Some forty years ago or more. And all the summer long
The flowers bloomed, and birds came there to sing their sweetest song.

In size a haystack, and as round, a bunch of lilac spread;
In spring a-plume with purple bloom, and pungent breath it shed.
Again I see the south wind toss and wave each heavy crest;
Again the country schoolhouse is with lilac blossoms dressed.

White "daffies" there were, centers yellow red-edged set in green,—
O bring some "daffies" to me now, if any you have seen,—

How sweet they were! the "daffies" there beside the old stone wall
Were fit to grace the richest place, of any castle hall.

When roses bloomed, the roses there were white as drifted snow.
And blood-red peonies were round and large as they could grow.
And sweetleaf, sweet, but limp the moment it was plucked away,
Sweet-clover, too—a sickish sweet—with sprays for some bouquet.

Some clumps of tansy, green and scratchy, rows of sage with these;
The one for striped cheese and colic, one for colds and cheese,
Asparagus for toast, and some with berries red, to plume
The back-room clock, and there to help dispel the winter's gloom.

For measles and for babies, little flames of saffron grew;
They smelled like babies more than measles, that was welcome, too.
And lovage, foh! what that was for I do not know; but there
It stood, and grew, and did its share to scent the orchard air.

On lances long, gay hollyhocks hugged closely as you please,
And opened wide their silken bells to pollen-sacking bees.
Thick hedged with ragged-robin, full of smell and morning dew,
Some yellow sunflowers turned their heads to keep the sun in view.

Blue larkspur—O! so blue 'twould never let you pass—
Was mixed with yellow marigolds, and tufts of striped-grass.
While vari-colored poppies laughed and nodded all the day,
To see the stiff sweet-williams flirt with hare-bells down the way.

I can't forget the bergamot or lavender so sweet;
And lady's slipper, all too small for any lady's feet;
So delicate in yellow tints, as on the spike it grew,
Capricious in its beauty too, as any lady knew.

Some forty years ago or more—I oft see what
I sing,
Especially the lilacs and the "daffies" in the
spring,—
This is the garden that I loved, with flowers
great and small,
Beyond an apple orchard and beside a mossy
wall.

But long ago, the grass did grow and fill the
garden spot,
And those who go that way don't know it was
a garden lot;
For she who made and cared for it, and loved
it all, the best,
Has clasped her hands and closed her eyes,
and gone away to rest.

How changed the spot once home to her!
The house no longer stands;
But hers is home more beautiful, a house not
made with hands,
And trees of life are growing there, and flowers
great and small,
In sun and shade will never fade, within the
city wall.

THE DEAD THRUSH

Within my hands I held a wounded Thrush
Until its panting ceased,
Fell low its trembling wing;
And then at set of sun I buried it
Beneath the silent trees,
Where it was wont to sing.

Who cares to know where lies the buried
Thrush?
Who miss its song divine,
When dies the summer day?
Rewards? And are there none for such as
sing
To lift a human life,
And speed it on its way?

ONLY A SPRAY OF JUNIPER

'Tis but a spray of juniper
With needles sharp of opal-green:
With berries too, of opal-blue
And sapphire, hidden deep between.

It crept among the rocks and weeds,
Upon a barren wind-swept hill;
And though I plucked it long ago,
It tells me of its home scenes still.

It tells me of a summer day
Along the wave-washed shores of "York";
Of "Bald Head Cliff," the "Nubble Light,"
"Boon Island," and a long, long walk.

It whispers of a crimson sky
Beyond a grassy tree-hedged lea,
Of ever passing white-winged sail,
Upon a purple, cloud-pressed sea.

It brings the presence back again
Of winds refreshing from the sea:
Of nature's lavish restfulness,
And one who shared it all with me.

O little spray of juniper,
So far and long away from home;
You bless me still with blessings past,
As in fond memory they come.

I clasp you fondly to my heart,
And love you, when the snows drift past;
And long to find that blissful land
Where summer joys will ever last.

Sometime the night will wear away,
The morn will break with light of gold;
Sometime the summer day will come,
Which feels no more the winter's cold.

Not only for the memories
Of happy days which now are gone,
I thank you for the hope you bring,
Of brighter days which are to come.

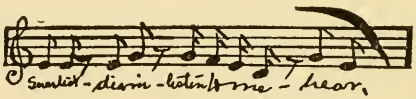
SONG OF THE VIREO

High up in a hickory over the way,
A ruby-eyed vireo stays;
He searches for food with a song all the day,
And these are the words that he says:
"Sweetest—dearie—listen to me—hear,
Hear what I sing to thee over our nest;
Sweetest—dearie—listen to me—hear,
See how I bring to thee all that is best."

While sun-blistered silence hangs over the hills,
'Mid heat of the clear summer noon,
Stirred only by stabs of the locust's harsh thrills,
My vireo fits to his tune
"Sweetest—dearie—listen to me—hear,
Hear what I sing to thee over our nest;
Sweetest—dearie—listen to me—hear,
See how I bring to thee all that is best."
Somewhere is the nest which a vireo weaves,
A home without sorrow and tears,
With tiny white eggs which a mate rarely leaves,

But patiently broods as she hears:
"Sweetest—dearie—listen to me—hear,
Hear what I sing to thee over our nest;
Sweetest—dearie—listen to me—hear.
See how I bring to thee all that is best."

True love makes the home as the vireos know,
For work and for waiting gives grace;
So one warms the nest where the little ones grow,
The other works, singing apace:
"Sweetest—dearie—listen to me—hear,
Hear what I sing to thee over our nest;
Sweetest—dearie—listen to me—hear,
See how I bring to thee all that is best."



SONG OF THE HERMIT THRUSH

Home-haste impels my feet, 'mong rolling
pastures green,
Through which a winding brooklet purls yon
copse to meet:
Where wide apart, tree-sentinels sky-crimson
take,
And with a song ethereal, bright Hesper greet.

I, soul thrilled wait, and still my eager hasting
steps,
In glad surprise, my breath impetuous, I hush;
To miss one strain, one note, were unrequited
loss:
It is the love lure of the heavenly Hermit
Thrush.

O placid ecstasy of sweetest rose-steeped
dreams!
O limpid fragments, culled from some immor-
tal strain!
I linger when the slowly dying day is dead,
Once more the song serene to hear, and yet
again.

O dying day bathed deep in twilight's ruddy
glow!
'Twere well for thee and me to live, and live so
long,
If dying, we might pass into the summer night
Fear-free, accompanied by so divine a song.

NATURE'S PORTRAIT

Are you an artist? Paint for me I pray
A likeness then. A portrait it must be
Of nature. Let me tell you what I want.
Far off against an August-lighted sky
Some blue and purple mountains fast asleep;
A glint of sea, with sail and dipping oars,
And in a forest dense, with trailing vines,
'Mid bloom and grass abending, 'neath the shade
And dropping sun, a matron sitting low;
Her face in smiles unmixed with burden's wear,
And motherly. Above her ample lap
Her arms outstretched; and she is saying, "Come."
One sandaled foot protruding, and a breast—
Blue veined with rose papilla,—full: of life's
Elixir full. For nature never lacks,
Or grudgingly bestows. She ne'er complains,
Or mocks at you because you come to her
With aching head, and weary limbs, and heart
So heavy with the bitterness of life.

As any mother would she spreads her lap:
And while she moves her fingers o'er your face,—
With care to press your eyelids down,—she breathes
A breath of spruce and fir, with brier-rose
Distilled, and marjoram, and salty sea;
Sweet pot-pourri of shore, and wood, and vale.
Meanwhile she hums the softest, sweetest song:—
A harmony of lapping waves upon
The shore, the cry of winds among the hills,
A runic melody of running brooks,
And drowsy mellow psalm of soughing pines.—
Now paint her thus, and me, paint me there too,
A tired hungry urchin at her feet,
So eager for her fingers' press, her breath
Of balms, the humming of her dreamy song.
This is your order, when the work is done
Bring it to me, and you shall have your pay
In love, for love is better far than gold;
At least they say it is for poet's work:
I think it may be so for artist's too.

TWILIGHT OF THE YEAR

The winds come out of the leaden sea,
And cry to the mists—"make room for me,
Make room, make room, make room."
The stars look down with a silver light,
The mists sweep by on the wings of flight,
And say to the sea "good night, good night
The year's twilight has come."

A cry comes out of the frozen north,
"Beware for the winter king comes forth,
Across these fields to roam."
The sumac red lights its torch anew,
While gentians fold up their lids of blue;
Bright golden-rod fades, and asters too,
The year's twilight has come.

The mountains, high in the dreamy sky,
With mantle of brown and blue, draw nigh,
Uncapped by cloud-wrought foam.
The yellow fields are besprent with frost;
The moor beyond in a mist is lost:
Crisp leaves by the autumn winds are tossed,
The year's twilight has come.

The birds whir by, with a songless cry,
As though they would say, "The snows are nigh
We seek a southern home."
How still the rill where the alders grow!
How swift the nights, and the morn how slow!
The path of the fire-lit sun how low!
The year's twilight has come.

Turn back thy feet, from the many ways
Ye found in the long midsummer days,
Oh, absent ones come home.
We'll bring the fruit of the sun-blessed earth:
The wood we'll pile on the glowing hearth:
Our lamps we will light for friends and mirth:
The year's twilight has come.

WHITE LIES THE SNOW

White lies the snow on roof and tree this morn;
Lies white across the moor, and o'er the hill:
Across the trackless road, somewhere between
The hedges grown of nature's wanton will.
And white and still is all mine eyes have seen:
So still! as though earth's smitten life were gone.

A cry of plaint, and clanging petulance,
Compelled me forth to hail a random flock
Of wailing geese, toward the sea adrift,
On yesterday. Before the coming shock
Of storm, they shelter sought on pinions swift,
As flies a squad from vanquished regiments.

The storm wheeled madly through the sky last night:
My window-pane it smote, and shook my door;
I heard the forest moan with tossing arms,
The swift wind's cry, the wild sea's hollow roar.
(The angry storm's the only only storm that hurts
You know; It finds in ruin its delight.)

Upon the frozen shore, unceasingly
The frenzied sea rolls in with hissing breath;
And opening its greedy arms, flings far
The plunder of the night, in wreck and death;
And sends, across the hill and forest bar,
Its challenge, fierce and grim, increasingly.

The earth seems pathless as the sea, whose ships,
Ice-clad, were driven through the stormy night;
Or as the sky, through which at nesting time
The birds from south-lands, take their homeward flight;
And yet, they find their way. From clime to clime
They hear the kindly call of unseen lips.

Thou gracious Lord wilt find the way to me,
O'er trackless waste, or through the storm-swept air;
Thou needest none to tell Thee when to come,
Thy lone and smitten ones to find, or where.
Of all who fail to mark my snow-bound home,
Not Thou. And I shall find my way to Thee.

FLIGHT OF SEA-FOWL

A sky of gray and crimson,
A flood of afterglow;
While shadows deep,
In silence creep
Through wood and fields below.

A silver river, winding
To silver lakes, beyond:
As distant sky,
And forest nigh,
Lie in the silver bond.

A wedge of sea-fowl flying,
A wild and clanging cry;
In lifted eyes
A quick surprise,
And from the heart a sigh.

But now the twilight hides them;
Their call comes faint and far;
And lest they stray,
Or lose their way,
Is lit the evening star.

A thought of summer sunshine,
O'er mountain vale and shore;
Of drifting clouds,
And tawny shrouds
Of rushes, on the moor.

A breath of brier-roses,
A scent of soughing pine:
Sylvan abodes
By dusty roads,
Which lured your feet, and mine.

A memory of faces,
Some sad, some light and free;
Of path-marked shores,
Of dipping oars,
And ships that went to sea.

The faces fled with summer:
Winds swept the mountain side;
And all is still,
By shore and hill,
Save the complaining tide.

Good-by, ye flying sea-fowl,
God guides you with His hands;
The last of all,
To hear the call
From distant, sunny lands.

And when I hear Him calling,
Beyond the sea to come;
Across the bar,
Shine thou bright star,
That's lit to guide one home.

DRIFTWOOD

Tossed on the waves when the tide was high;
Strewn on the shore as the winds swept by;
Under a fair or an angry sky,
Driftwood, left by the sea,
O the driftwood! O the lost good!
Sacred "I should!" Fruitless "I could!"
Driftwood, left by the sea.

Splinters of masts for the lifted sail:
Fragments of deck and protecting rail;
Rudder and binnacle, strong as mail,
Driftwood, left by the sea.

Who knows the path which the tempest crossed?
Who marked the spot where the way was lost?
Who saw the ship that was wrecked and tossed,
Driftwood, left by the sea?

Vainly ye look through the twilight gray,
Mother and child, o'er the open bay;
Scattered and gone is his ship to-day,
Driftwood, left by the sea.

Laughter and song from the sea-washed sands;
Lasses and lads, with their hearty hands,
Feeding a fire with the shore-strewn brands,
Driftwood, left by the sea.

Never they see, as they laugh and shout,
Homes on the hill with their lights gone out;
Never the ships that are tossed about,
Driftwood, left by the sea.

Out on the margin of time's great deep,
Borne by the will of the currents' sweep,
Wrecks of humanity careless sleep,
Driftwood, left by the sea.

There is a place where the way divides:
Here, there are safe though vigorous tides;
There, on the shore, when the flood subsides,
Driftwood, left by the sea.
O the driftwood! O the lost good!
Sacred "I should!" Fruitless "I could!"
Driftwood, left by the sea.

PEAK'S ISLAND

Among the 365 islands of Casco Bay is Peak's Island, probably the most popular of all of them. At one end are large hotels and places of amusement. At the opposite end are a few quiet hotels with plenty of opportunity for rest. Although hundreds of thousands of people visit the place every summer, its 720 acres, with shore, rocks, woods and meadows, afford plenty of room for all.

Away from books and busy streets,
The calls and cries of men,
Oh, ever restless, boundless sea,
I come to thee again.

Again I hail the ragged rocks,
Which guard the outer shore;
Again the pools and tawny weeds,
As I have done before.

Once more I see Green Island lift
Its bosom to the sky:
Where gray gulls dip their lazy wings,
And snowy sail go by.

I see the light on Halfway Rock,
Foam kissed with every tide:
Long Island lying to the north,
And Overset this side.

While just beyond is Inner Green,
And Jewell lifted high,
With Cliff outside of Great Chebeague,
Where Harpswell boats go by.

Against the Cape, with lights and fort,
Ram Island lies in spray:
And over all, White Head looks out
Majestic down the bay.

Behind, in pastures green and brown,
Are spruce and pungent fir,
With rocks and hillocks piled between,
And creeping juniper.

And over all the open sky,
So deep, so still, so blue!
Than all the sea and earth more wide,
Than time-set tides more true.

Upon my heart the woes of men
Have fallen deep and sore,
Until with bands of heaviness
My own is covered o'er.

My tired feet have wandered far,
And oft where none did smile.
Oh, rocking sea, bring thou to me
Thy grateful rest awhile.

I hear thy voices leagues from land,
In low and hollow roar,
By smitten crags, 'mong reaches far,
In ripples on the shore.

A thousand voices thou hast got,
I ask for only one,
While on this Isle I find a lap
To rest my head upon.

Fair Peaks, sail-skirted ev'ry day,
Close watched by beacon's beam,
And by the nightly stars which pierce
The deep with golden gleam;—

For three and thirty years your arms
Have opened wide to me,
With large and fulfilled promises
Of hospitality.

The outer shore says "Welcome back,
The year has been so long;
On many a day you came this way,
And sometimes brought a song."

The meadows spread their ample green,
With blossoms fresh and new;
The wave-lapped beach looks up with smiles,
And says, "It is for you."

"It is for you the Fireweed nods
From yonder blooming hedge,
For you green Bayberries turn white,
Along the sea wall's edge.

"For you the Raspberries blush ripe,
Sweet Briers still and steep;
The woods reach out their arms to you,
With shadows long and deep."

Each moss-held fern and blossom fair
Beside the rock and tree,
In places where no others come,
Have grown I think for me.

I love the path, moss-carpeted,
Fern-garnished, damp and sweet,
Which takes me through the spruce and fir
Whose outstretched fingers meet.

Until I near the shore, it leads
Me toward the open sea,
Then turns to find my best loved seat,
Beneath an old beech tree.

Among the shadows of this tree
I've read and slept and dreamed,
And written many messages,
Of things that were, or seemed.

The trunk with dates is written o'er,
And letters manifold,
And hearts entwined, which lovers cut
When love's fond tale was told.

They've gone their ways, who cut these names,
Perhaps forgot they're here:
But may the woodman spare the tree,
To many hearts so dear.

'Tis here I fondest welcome find,
When resting draws me nigh;
'Tis here, when parting comes, I say
My saddest, last good-by.

Where music and amusements are,
Upon the southern side,
The ever restless, surging throng
Is changing as the tide.

They love the fun and festival,
And gala is each day;
But give to me the quiet woods,
The sea not far away.

O nature is a tender nurse;
So quiet, kind and true,
With no upbraiding for your lacks,
She gives her best to you.

She makes no boasts and no complaints:
She takes you as you are,
Puts soughing songs, and balmy dreams
In place of every care.

And so again I come to thee,
Fair Island down the bay,
A friend thou art, to old and new
In summer-time, alway.

I look across the drifting years,
—The first but yesterday,—
And seem to see the forms of those
Who with me came this way,

Again we dip the shining oar,
Our line cast in the deep,
Again we tread the woodland path,
'Mid woodland shadows sleep.

Again we watch the beacon's gleam
Above its ruby path,
The sea that shimmers silently,
Or rises in its wrath.

We pile the driftwood, light the fire:
So close we gather then,
And let our torpid hearts grow warm,
To all the world again!

And many more we met here, whom
Before we never met,
To bear away a friendship rare,
Which lingers with us yet.

But some are gone; I seem to feel
Their presence day by day.
I look to see their faces too,
But they are far away.

To some fair island, they have passed
Where winter never chills;
Nor lights go out, nor darkness comes,
Nor sickness ever kills.

Sweet hope, which tells us we may meet
Upon that blissful shore,
To live in summer's fadeless bloom,
With them, forevermore.

And so, O God, we trust in Thee
For all the days to come,
Assured that when the shadows fall,
Thy hand will lead us home.

WHEN COAL IS HIGH

As a result of the strike in the coal mines in 1892-3, coal sold for $24.00 per ton, cash down, in East Boston. In Providence a man paid $100.00 for four tons of coal to keep his sick wife warm. The Boston papers advertised thirty-pound bags of coal for sale at 75c per bag, a rate of $50.00 per ton.

To my neighbor, General Ayling, with congratulations upon his morning's acquisition.

Without a moment's warning,
So early in the morning,
I heard sweet music just across the way;
I wish it had come nearer,
But then 'twould have been dearer,—
'Twas dear enough I know you all will say.

The ring it had was charming,
Our greatest fears becalming:
It seemed like music heard some years ago.
The house girl stopped to listen,
And how her eyes did glisten!
The air was one she very well, did know.

The neighbors staid, and sober,
As mountains in October,
All left their work to find out what it meant.
My heart was all elation,
And filled with expectation,
Alas! I found for me it was not sent.

We send congratulations,
And keep up expectations,
When did it bring such music to the soul?
When was it such a wonder,
As though an awful blunder,
A neighbor getting in a load of coal?

ROBIN RED

I CAN but love you, Robin Red,
Because you always sing;
And when you come to nest with us,
A homelike song you bring.

How many, many notes you have!
How varied are the keys!
And every note, in every strain,
You flute with magic ease.

You have a song for cloudy days,
A song for shining sun,
A tender call, a warning wild,
Which tell us all that's done.

Sometimes I hear you fret and scold,
When things go wrong at home:
And strains of rippling praises tell,
When peace again has come.

I love your friendship, Robin Red,
You're sociable and free.
For oft my window pane beside,
You sit, and glance at me.

And say "Tut, tut, put down your work,
Just see me take that worm,"
You drop, and peck, and pull, and get,
In spite of writhe and squirm.

With tipping head you wink your eye,
And seem to say to me;
"Oh, did not I do well to get
A feast you could not see?"

"Good-by," you say and fly away
With breakfast you have slain;
But well I know it won't be long,
Before you'll come again.

I can but love you, Robin Red,
Because you always sing,
I love your friendship, Robin Red,
The social joys you bring.

LOVE LURE

LOVE AND DUTY

I GIVE thee what belongs to thee,
For duty says I must;
The pay thine own: now we are quits,
No longer held in trust.

But this I give to thee for love,
I would 'twere more, not less;
And still I am in debt to thee,
For love I can't express.

LOVE AND PLENTY

THOU dost not need my care or me,
No good art thou denied;
With all that makes thee glad and free,
Thy life is well supplied.

But oh, I love thee well, my dear!
And I would have thee know:
My heart so longs to tell thee this,
For love must love bestow.

LOVE AND NEED

So blessed am I, if need is good,
And poverty doth bless:
For oft the morning sun looks in,
And smiles on emptiness.

And still I am content, nor ask
Dear heaven its care to prove;
The whiles I have thee near to me,
And best of all, thy love.

LOVE AND TEMPTATION

Temptation's power so strong, both out
And in the human heart,
With charms and fashions beautiful,
Makes manifest its art.

But night brings homeward undefiled,
The tempted, pressed with care,
To tender trusting praying ones:
For love is waiting there.

LOVE AND REASON

O LOVE is sure to understand,
When words cannot explain:
And love knows well the mysteries,
Which reason fails to gain.

And so I love, and ask for love,
To show my hidden way;
The love that lights the darkest night,
And glorifies the day.

LOVE AND ABSENCE

ALONE I walk the ways we trod
Together, days before;
Well knowing that dear comradeship
Can come to us no more.

But love will not be thus denied;
And breaking strongest thrall,
In loneness, looks and sees thee smile,
'Mid silence, hears thee call.

MADRIGAL

Before me stands thine image all the day,
And ever, to the same mark sends its gaze,
As though intent on something far away;
So far! No consciousness thy face betrays
Of all I say and think to thee;
Of all my wishes link to thee,
No consciousness thy face betrays.

Couldst thou but see me look into thine eyes,
And try to press my face against thine own,
Thy face!—to sketch my pencil vainly tries,—
Couldst feel my clasped hands upon thee thrown:
What would thy wishes link to me?
What wouldst thou say and think to me,
My clasped hands upon thee thrown?

Since to my side thine image thou didst bring—
Were it not there, 'twould hide within my heart,—
The pain-swept harp of life bids every string

Make love and joy, of every day a part.
What thou dost say and think to me,
The wishes thou dost link to me,
Make love of every day a part.

The runes within my heart I cannot trace:
And so again I look into thine eyes,
Again I press my face against thy face,
Thy face!—to sketch my pencil vainly tries,—
The wishes that I link to thee,
What I would say and think to thee,
To sketch my pencil vainly tries.

THY SMILE

When through the dripping clouds breaks the
red sun,
Flying the signals that rainfall is done,
All the world stirs in its glow.
Bright falls the light on the hillside and sea:
Sparkles with jewels each rain deluged tree:
Laughing the laborers go.

Flowers are swinging again in the breeze;
Once more I hear the low hum of the bees,
Giddy with lush in the lane.
Birds glance about on the swiftest of wing,
Singing the merriest songs they can sing,
Thankful for sun after rain.

Ships snugly harbored sail out with the tide;
Plenty of room on the ocean so wide,
When the warm sun makes them free,
Earth springs to life 'neath the light spreading
o'er;
Bringing its best to the sickle and store;
Such is thy smile, dear, to me.

EGYPTA

In polished pool the lotus swims, unfolds its lips of love,
And sends rare fragrance to the Khedive's window, just above;
A message dear it holds for those who watch with eager eyes
Behind the harem lattice-work: and then it fades and dies.

While "Allah Akbar, Haya 'ala's-salat" [1] is the cry,
The high Muezzin sees a stork fly through the twilight sky;
With clapping beak it calls its mate, lost since the crimson morn,
And flies, till 'mid the darkness of the night, it too is gone.

[1] "God is great, Come to prayer."

Before the sun is high, the caravan is on its way,
A-trail across the tawny sand, with loping swinging sway;
The shouts of drivers die away, dim all so plain before,
And in the burning sky it disappears, to come no more.

As breath of spring cam'st thou O tender love. I felt thy heart
A-throb. Thy lips pressed mine as though our lives could never part;
But thou art gone. No more thy voice, thy form on either hand;
I only see the red and rainless sky, the tawny sand.

WHAT ANSWER

In the far, far cry of the flying winds,
Over mountain and tossing sea,
Do I send my message of love, dear heart;
Tell me, what shall the answer be?

SWEET PEAS

Beautiful forms of fashion fair,
Delicate tints of colors rare,
Odor as sweet as attared air:
But no more than many others.

Good was the garden where they grew,
Pure was the falling rain and dew,
Warm was the wind and sun they knew;
But no more than many others.

Many admired as they passed, nigh,
Offered a price, if they might buy,
Placing the value very high;
But no higher than for others.

Into my fingers,—culled with care,
Culled for their tints and odors rare,—
Pressed were the blossoms, sweet and fair:
Just as sweet as many others.

Dear little flowers, no longer free,
Token of love that's pledged to me;
Bound in sweet bondage, I'm like thee;
And you're more than many others.

Fair is the form that o'er thee bent,
Tender the grace it to thee lent,
Tender the love which culled and sent;
It is more than any others.

CITADEL MOSQUE

In Cairo, Egypt, upon a commanding hill, and within the citadel, is the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, founder of the present native rulers of Egypt. Here he worshipped, and here his body was entombed. From the front court is obtained a fine view of the city, the Nile flowing through fertile fields; the desert and the Pyramids.

In the rear court Mohammed Ali feasted the last of the Mamelukes and then massacred them; one only escaping; he forced his horse over the wall, onto the rocks, far below, and thus escaped.

Of all the mosques in Cairo which delight the eye so well,
I like the one upon the hill, within the citadel;
Mohammed Ali's sacred shrine, where oft his prayers he told,
Where now he lies within the tomb, enwrapped with black and gold.

The mosque, in story out of story growing, rises tall,
Till dome on dome inclines to that most perfect one o'er all.
'Mong domes and semi-domes six little minarets stand nigh,
While two in front, like needles sharp, far pierce the crimson sky.

In marble pavement lies the court, girt well with vaulted walls,
And in a central marble basin sparkling water falls.
At this far height, I gaze across the city stretching wide,
From north to south and westward, to the flowing Nile's green tide.

Beyond, the Nile, life laden, harvest laden rich and free,
O'er all the way from the Nyanza to the great blue sea.
Upon her bosom leaning-masted, white-winged dhows are set,
Upon her banks are pillared-palms, with plumes that toss and fret.

I hear the tinkling camel bells along the crowded street,
The drone of donkey-drivers, and the din of throngs that meet.
I see the pacing sentinels behind the ramparts green,
The lifted mounds of battlements, with brazen guns between.

Below, the mottled buildings domed and minareted lie;
Where Nubian black and Arab yellow with each other vie;
Abbaya, clout, and shirwell, all the Anglo-Saxon hail:
Kaffiyeh, fez, and pugree, meet and pass the bangled veil.

Between fields green with millett, mustard golden, flax soft blue,
And pastures which together sheep and goats are grazing through,
The road acacia-shaded, lined with camels tandem-tied,
Runs out from Cairo to the gates of Geezeh, open wide.

With wooden plow, the fellaheen upset the fruitful soil,
And dine pursuing cranes as those who neither spin nor toil.
A flock of pink and white flamingoes for the marshes nigh
Adrift, is all the cloud I see against the sky.

Like arteries which bear pulsating life the body through,
Deep water-ways convey the river's treasures fresh and new
Across the fields, to lave each pebbly brink the road beside,
Which runs from Cairo to the gates of Geezeh open wide.

The gates of Geezeh open wide upon the sandy drift
Where,—time defying monuments,—the pyramids now lift
Their giant forms, just as they did four thousand years ago,
Amid the crimson rainless sky, the æon's ebb and flow.

Oh, royal tombs for royal forms; within thy wide-walled breast,
They laid their lifeless kings and queens in solitude to rest,
Surrounded by this majesty sublime: and may it be
They did it all with some fond thought of immortality.

In watch and ward, the Sphinx o'erlooks its
tawny bed of sand,
Mute lipped and motionless. No sound or form
on either hand
Distracts the long expectant gaze, of those
great stony eyes,
Or changes from its stately poise that face set
toward the skies.

With passing years the light of Egypt waned,
and in the night
Went out. There comes no more the victor's
shout, or flashes bright
From chariot, and shield and spear; time wraps
her glories o'er,
As sands obliterate her cities, great in days of
yore.

Amid all this, the rise and fall of nations near
and far,
The changing tides of fruit-abiding peace and
crushing war,
The Sphinx looks out as seeing what no gods to
mortals bring,
Or waiting for the coming of a long expected
king.

But hark! the call to prayer is heard from lofty
minaret
Where blind muezzins stand, reminding all who
would forget,
That great is Allah, and the hour to pray to
Him has come:
Whatever duties fill the hand, though near or
far the home.

It takes my gaze from Geezeh's pile, Sakara
and Dashoor,
From Abooseer, and all the plain which sands
have drifted o'er:
From that abyss where horse and rider plunged,
of Mamelukes,
The only to escape Mohammed Ali's bloody
dukes.

For the malicious pasha made for them a ban-
quet rare,
And brought his well selected men to massacre
them there;
Though brave and fighting for their lives the
fore, were more than they,
And only he who leaped the court, survived the
bloody fray.

I pass within the mosque which stretches far on
either hand,
And rises high and higher to the central vault
so grand:
Whence every step, and word, and e'en the care-
less song one sings,
Come back in music soft and sweet, like gentle
whir of wings.

Aslant, the firelit sunbeams strike the alabaster
walls,
And smite the crystal chandeliers with varied
light which falls
On rugs of oriental looms, that need no added
grace
Of rare design, or color, to befit this stately
place.

From brazen screen, entwined with green and
waxen foliage,
Recedes the pasha's tomb, amid the folds un-
dimmed by age
Of gold-embroidered draperies, and tapers ris-
ing high
Above the cold sarcophagus, where mortal ruins
lie.

How small is all the greatness earth can give!
How brief its stay!
To-day brings health and wealth, to-morrow
takes them all away.
To-day brings friends and fame, and praises
drift upon the air:
To-morrow, claspéd hands, closed eyes, and si-
lence everywhere.

How sad the life of him who has the best of
time and sense,
But fails to love his fellow men, and Him who
calls him hence!
How glad and rich that life must be, though
small its earthly store,
That has much love for all mankind, and Him
who made it, more!

Alas for all the greatness of this shrine! since
He who gave
Himself a sacrifice, condemned and ruined man
to save,
The Lord of lords, and King of kings, is never
welcomed here;
Though under heaven, no other name, to God
can bring us near.

If He be there, the plainest place of worship
neath the sun
Becomes a vestibule of heaven to each adoring
one.
But though your temple may be architectured
grand and great,
If He be gone, *your* house is left to *you,* and
desolate.

MISGUIDED ASPIRATION

"My life I'd give,"—a strong youth said
To old age sitting nigh,—
"For gold, and fame, and honors yours,
Proclaimed by passers by."

"I'd change them all," the old man said,
And filled his eyes with tears,—
"For chance like yours, my sturdy boy,
The promise of your years."

But eagerly the youth pushed on,
A dazzling goal in view;
No price too great for him to pay,
To take his purpose through.

Just o'er the way, the old man lay
With dazed and fearful mind;
The call had come for him to go,
And leave his gains behind.

SLEEP, LITTLE BABY

Soft falls the light of the moon on the moor;
Sleep, little baby, sleep.
Silver the wavelets that break on the shore;
Sleep, little baby, sleep.
Soon will the fisher-boats drift up the sea,
Papa is coming to baby and me;
Sleep, little baby, sleep, little baby,
Sleep, sleep, sleep.

Flowers have folded their petals to rest;
Sleep, little baby, sleep.
Birdies are nestled down deep in their nest;
Sleep, little baby, sleep.
Close little eyes that were open all day,
Fold little hands that are tired with play;
Sleep, little baby, sleep, little baby,
Sleep, sleep, sleep.

Hie thee to dreamland with nothing to fear;
Sleep, little baby, sleep.
Mamma is by thee, and Jesus is near;
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

Angels will watch over baby all night,
Kiss the pink eyelids with morning's first light;
Sleep, little baby, sleep, little baby,
Sleep, sleep, sleep.

Rest, precious darling, without any care;
Sleep, little baby, sleep.
Care will come soon enough bringing its wear;
Sleep, little baby, sleep.
When baby's care shall come, God will come
too,
Loving and strengthening all the way through;
Sleep, little baby, sleep, little baby,
Sleep, sleep, sleep.

KATALEEN

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane:
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same garden—and for one in vain!
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

KATALEEN

I

This is the time and place she dearly loved:
The autumn of the year, the close of day;
A smooth and sandy crescent flung between
The river's mouth, and sea rocks seamed and gray.

A swale fringed creek behind the duney sands:
Beyond, a mass of forest stretching far,
And scarce a hand-breath over this, the thin
And silver moon rim, and a star.

Before me rocks and rolls the swinging sea,
From breaking waves to lines that fret the sky:
Where dim and dusky grow the passing sail,
And gleams Boon Islands' red and blinking eye.

The coming tide breaks on the eastern shore,
Sleep's challenge. Lights from cottage windows shine
On stony, winding path, on rose-bush wild,
Sweet bayberry, sharp juniper, and vine.

By sail and oar impelled, a smackee warps
Toward the bilgy fish-wharves of the town;
The Port beside the Kennebunk, wide here,—
Above soon lost in woods and pastures brown.

I see it all, yet hardly do I see:
For bygone years come back and flood me o'er—
As tides sweep o'er the rocks and burning sands,—
The years when we together sought this shore.

II

O ships far sent across the deep, hast seen
A face with ruddy cheeks and eyes of rest?
Hast heard O flying winds a tender voice,
That stirs the soul to love, and do its best?

O stars that penetrate the vaults of heaven,
And search the darkest corners of the sea,
Hast seen her in thy ceaseless watching, her
Who stood here in the long ago with me?

Hast seen her, waters winding through the fen,
When dropped the frail new moon in yonder trees;
When fireflies lit their flashing lamps, and in
The night you hurried to the coming seas?

Or does the morning bring her, when yon rim
Of this great cup, bright red and gold adorn?—
The finger marks of Him who makes the day:—
Comes she upon the sun-rays of the morn?

III

A child of nature fair she was, and loved
The quiet woods, the grandeur of the sea.
No song of bird which reached her ear was lost,
No flower which met her eye could wasted be.

Kind art had taught her fingers how to mark
And beautify life's path, and e'en the wall
Which hedged us in; to soothe the heart in pain,
As David soothed the frenzied heart of Saul.

While grace divine had stirred her soul to love
The world, and answer to its cry of need;
O not alone in prayer that God would do,
But in her own glad smile and gentle deed.

IV

Pure soul! more pure than that white dove
which poised
With wings outspread above thee, on the day
They let me see thee, wrapped in lilies white,
And roses fair, more fair and white than they.

Thy hands were clasped upon thy breast, the eyes
So wont to answer mine were closed. My cry
Of pain ne'er woke thee from thy sleep:
Nor moved thy lips to speak a last good-by.

O didst thou see and know, and long to tell
Me of the better life which thou hadst found?
To bid them hide thy form in lilies white,
And roses fair, 'till God's loud trump should sound?

And dost thou know?—Sometimes I seem to see
Thy face, with tender look on me intent.
I feel thee near, as though still now to me
Thy pure and holy ministries were lent.

V

It seems so long, since I awoke as from
A dream,—a troubled dream,—and she was gone.
The world has changed, to be the same no more;
While heaven comes more near, and dear each morn.

This is the time and place she dearly loved,
When days with us were glad, and hearts were
light;
But now—O now I come and stand alone,
And breathe my plaint of sorrows to the
night.—

I listen for a voice no longer heard,
I wait and look for one I do not see,
And from my heavy heart's deep solitude
I cry, "When will it be, when will it be?"

VI

Hush, hush! Be silent, O thou pleading heart!
What selfishness is this, which bids thee take
Away from that fair home by Christ prepared,
By Christ indwelt, thy loved, for thine own
sake.

No longer pain have they, or fear of death;
All sorrow's tears and marks are brushed away;
Of candle, or the sun, they have no need,
With unclosed gates, and never ending day.

All life's uncertainties are passed. The griefs
Which fiercely pressed them here, are left behind.
Not now the cold and ruthless hand of time
Can chill the heart, or vacillate the mind.

And Him whose love has made it possible
They see, and love the more, because the more
They understand the mysteries of life
Misjudged, misunderstood so oft before.

In likeness unto Him they have awaked:
So satisfied with Him and with it all.
Be still and bide thy time, which soon will come,
And ready be to answer thine own call.

To thee His keeping care shall come. On thee
His hand outstretched shall peace and strength bestow,
His presence when all else is stayed shall with
Thee through the valley of the shadow go.

With them who wait for thee, thou shalt awake,
And in their presence evermore abide;
Christ will be there, and thou shalt see His face,
With Him thou too shalt be, and satisfied.

VII

O fragrant breath of other summer times!
O sacred memories of other years!
That now return, and speak again to me
Of long forgotten joys, forgotten tears.

What acts of life can ever be forgot?
What impress on the mind e'er be effaced?
The record kept, reveals with turning page,
The history appointed hands have traced.

I climb the rain-washed road across the hill,
And silently upon the summit wait,
As waits a long belated traveler
Home come, yet kept outside the bolted gate.

No matter for the road that onward sweeps,
Between broad farms and stately poplar trees
Toward the lakes, and distant mountain peaks,
Which ever welcome give to restful arms and knees.

VIII

Behind, in every sense I gaze behind,
To look behind is sign of age, they say,
For hopeful youth looks forward.—Never mind,
The thought and heart keep company alway.

We're looking ever where the thought is turned,
The thought goes where the heart its love bestows,
And better anywhere with one who loves,
Than anywhere with one who no love knows.

Behind my thought and gaze together go,
Down o'er the hill, to belfried church and school,
The corner-store, small-grocery, the mail,
What-not-dispensary, and gossip-pool.

The crossing roads, to east, to west, to north,
To south, are lost 'mid distant hills. Above
The sky-met line of hills to south, there stands
A bold, and far-seen clump of trees I love.

Because I see them from this lofty throne
Of boyhood's most impressive pilgrimage:
And see them too, far, far the other side,
Where scenes of home, the boy's keen sight engage.

IX

'Mid neighbors' salutation, clang of bell,
The school-yard dash and scurry, and the still
Events of memory, day dies, and drops
The sun unthought, behind yon rambling hill.

A wagon rattling o'er the road, bespeaks
The mail, the things and people, all that come
To this still spot, out from the busy world.
—This spot where rest and knowledge build
their home.—

From yonder hedge the lonesome whip-poor-
will
Is calling; through the night is calling still.
With but one word it makes me long for home;
One only "Whip-poor-will" and "Whip-poor-
will."

X

The moon is full. Why muse I here? A spot
More dear to me but two good miles away;
Not far, nor will it take me long to find
Where love is waiting with the closing day.

June pinks are fringing all the graveled walk
Down which she comes with callas in her hand,
Sweet breathed as babies are; and at her throat
Some heliotrope, clasped close with golden band.

Not Juno large and matronly is she,
But Aphrodite, misty-eyed, as born
Upspringing from the sea. Adonis I;
Together walk we up the road and on.

XI

Some nights ago the silver hoar-frost fell.
Last night the silver hoar-frost fell again,
And brought the time for ripened harvesting,
The harvesting behind the latter-rain.

From spreading burs the brown nuts strew
the ground,
And seem paternal tokens sent from heaven:
As when to Israel, 'mid desert wastes,
Fresh manna from the sky was daily given.

We take our way across the hills for these;
Among the glades, where grapes have purple
grown,
And hide, and wait beneath brown foliage,
In mellowness, and sweetness, for their own.

Ah, here are food and wine that make us young
Again. They bid us eat and drink our fill;
And holding in the cup fair images,
Tell us to dream, and hope, and love at will.

In dream, and hope, and love we onward go,
The last bright golden rod and asters wild
To pluck away, and plait with crimson leaves,
Into a fillet fair, for Anna's child.

XII

I read the tender message, writ in prayer,
And sent from miles and miles away to me;
Suggesting more than I can see, it speaks
Of what has been, what is, and is to be.

Again is read the written word, again
Is known the mystery of all unsaid;
Until another life is with my own,
Its peace and purity about me shed.

What answer now? It must be fair, and soon,
And that, too, tell of much no pen can say;
What wonder, then, if in a dreamy mood,
The dreamer, and the dreamed seem far away?

Nor deem it strange if lovers seem to live
In other worlds from those which round them move.
Their own unmindfulness, and loss to you,
But show they still do mind, and truly love.

'Tis well that messages are safely borne,
Delivered to our hand from leagues away;
And we can know, and they can know full well,
The tidings that the lips and heart would say,

But God is everywhere, and He can tell
What human tongue knows not how to express;
Though far apart, who dwell in Him are
brought
Together close, in triumph or distress.

So let us speak through Thee, O holy One:
And let us hear through Thee, Omnipotence;
Thou wilt be sure to give the message true,
Nor wilt Thou fail to keep our confidence.

XIII

The silver bells are ringing, wedding-bells;
Proclaiming that two lives are joined in one;
And all who care, are quickly gathered there,
Where man appears to do what God hath done.

What joy! What expectation and desire!
When silver bells announce the wedding day.
Some hearts are glad, and some can but be sad,
When love shall give its only child away.

So empty seems the old familiar nest,
When they are gone to make one of their own.
The new is happy,—ever may it be—
Although the old is songless, lost, and lone.

But ring the silver wedding-bells we must;
Throughout the passing years it is to be,
As generations come, and pause, and go;
For so our parents did, and so do we.

Know well how sacred is the hour and deed;
Made so because two lives the same have willed;
How sorrows blight, with marriage-vows unkept;
How blessings fall, on promises fulfilled.

Give us God-speed, thy blessing give dear hearts;
Speak not of loss, but rather tell the gain;
Think not so much of what has gone, as come,
There was but one, but now in one are twain.

The silver bells are ringing, wedding-bells:
O let them ring, and ring, and ring again;
They call our hearts to double ministry,
Nor let us meet the double task in vain.

XIV

The first new home! how dear it ever is
To us, and those who with us make it there;
A palace or a cottage, all the same
'Tis home: and love conspires to build it fair.

Another refuge, where the tired ones
Find rest and quietness to stay the soul;
Where little children enter heaven or hell,
To mar their tender lives, or make them whole.

Another altar built for heavenly guests;
Where faith shall rise and benedictions fall;
The hallowed ark, within the temple set,
To shed its holy influence o'er all.

Another flaming sword in angel hands,
To bid defiance to the tempter's power;
And keep that confidence, which life demands,
In times of joy complete, and sorrow's hour.

Such is the house upon a shaven lawn,
A gabled-house by evergreens half hid,
The village street beside, in Eden set,
'Mid fields with fruits abundant, none forbid.

Broad roads, well filled with rails of steel, pass
through,
O'er which the traffic of a world speeds free.
And waters still, whose barges slow, adrift,
Float down from inland lakes into the sea.

Here sturdy men and matrons do their tasks,
Make cheerful homes, whose hearths ne'er cease
to glow
With fires of hospitality, and with
Us serve our God in unforgotten vow.

Our gateways, arched with climbing roses sweet,
A hearty welcome give, sincere God-speed,
To all the same. This is the shepherd's fold,
The fold of all the flock, in wealth or need.

Here peace and happiness abide, and here
The baby comes, to make our love complete;
For babies bring a love that never comes
Till babies do,—for so it seemeth meet.

The first new home! how dear it ever is
To us, and those who with us make it there;
A palace or a cottage, all the same
'Tis home; and love conspires to build it fair.

XV

A wider home upon a broader street,
Within a city broad, with people filled;
Where through its broad domain the sounds of toil,
And cries of restless ones, are never stilled.

Here too are mothers mild, and fathers strong
To us. To every wayward child, come home,
A feast is spread, a kindly welcome said,
And some invited are, who will not come.

What grace! amid the toilers here to toil,
To give a hand, to lift a load, to speak
Again, the words our kindly shepherd spake,
To those with lives by sin o'erborne, will weak.

Forgive, O Lord, for seeking souls unsought;
For tired ones whose cares we failed to lift,
For those forgot, and those who ne'er came
back,
That in the mighty current went adrift.

We give our lives to these, and oft forget
Our own, which too need ministry and care:
Until no ministry, or care, avails
For one whose life is filled with service here.

For here it is the shadows fall on us;
They smite the sacred life to us God-given;
And while alone the silent form remains,
The spirit finds its way to its fair heaven.

Swing wide ye golden gates, and let her in,
Whose tired spirit takes its flight to thee.
And wilt thou let some messenger pass out
To comfort us, if so it is to be?

Swing wide ye iron gates, and let us in
And out again, to home, no longer home;
The place bereft and desolate, where live
We must, if live at all, for thus we come.

XVI

Wilt hold me, Father, in Thine arms? I am
A little child, with ignorance confessed;
Nor dare to ask, lest I should ask amiss:
So do for me as seemeth to Thee best.

Forbid that I rebel, or criticise
The wisdom of unfathomed providence.
Rebellion fills the heart with bitterness;
It grieves the Comforter, and drives Him hence.

Then hold me close, so close; and care for me,
Nor take away Thy patient guiding hand;
I am so helpless, and I do not know
The way. Sometime I'll better understand.

XVII

O little hands that press against my face;
O childish eyes that look into my own;
And tender lips, that tremble with the quest,
The eager quest, "where has my mamma gone?"

"And where is heaven?" "If I could only see
Her for one moment, one." "If God would let
Me in." "I would come back and live for you,
And care; for I will be a woman yet."

The tender heart throbs close against my heart;
By little hands my tear-wet face is dry;
And on her pillow falls asleep my child,
With oft a restless toss, and deep drawn sigh.

Thou dost not know thy loss, canst never know;
Though missing what is gone, not knowing
what.
For love or care thou shalt not lack, while life
Endures, and brings to us a common lot.

For thee I live, and for thy sake I give
Myself anew, to all the future brings;
Together we will meet it all, and strive
To glorify both sweet and bitter things.

XVIII

Such kindly words of sympathy you speak!
And tell me what has helped you in your needs;
'Tis well, your words seem angel messages,
And what you do for me seem angel deeds.

You bring me books which tell of life beyond;
And what it means, perchance, to those who
stand
Within the gates, with ended pilgrimage;
How safe, and happy in the spirit land!

Who knows? Imagination speaks. What then?
What does it say with certainty, or aught
To satisfy the soul, which pleads, and must
Be satisfied with verity, not thought?

I take the Book of books, and read the words
The Master spake,—before He went away,—
To those who would be left alone in tears,
Who could not see, or know beyond the day.

"O let your heart be troubled not," He said.
"In God ye do believe, believe me too,
My Father's house has many mansions fair,
Were it not so, I would have told it you."

"To make a place for you, I go away;
And come again, to take you to my own;
That where I am, there also ye may be.
I am the way, I and the Father one."

He said it all. To them and us declared
"Were it not true I would have told you so."
And on His word I rest, in comfort deep,
Because He said it, and it must be true.

This is the time and place she dearly loved;
And does she love that other place as well?
And is she still on holy missions bent?
And does she watch, and wait? Ah, who can tell?

XIX

Who says 'tis strange that those prepared to
live,
And bless their fellow-men, are called away;
While vicious hearts and helpless hands re-
main,
A care, and menace, when and where they may?

What greater duty can life have than this,
A preparation for the great beyond?
The same to stay or go, good stewardship,
What is and is to be, in one vast bond?

Give sordid souls another chance. Ah, yes
'Tis merciful in God to let them be.
"Perhaps," He says, "with waiting, and with
care,
They too will trust their selfish selves to me."

Who says 'tis strange that young and promis-
ing
Are plucked away, the old and useless left?
Some fruit needs mellowing when fully grown,
And better finds the sun, of leaves bereft.

Our lives cannot be told by counted years,
In deeds the story lies. Some tarried long,
And little wrought of good, while some as birds
Of passage, benediction left in song.

That little life with scarcely opened eyes,—
So soon asleep,—has great commission given;
If going hence, it holds the cords of love
Which draw some broken heart to God, and heaven.

A few brief hours in time, with such a deed,
Perchance, did more than three score years and ten
Of selfish living could, to prove the right
To live at all, and then to live again.

Were it not better far that some had gone,
E'er stain and blot had marred their record bright?
Full well they know, and fain would have it so,
Too late. They live, but walk in starless night.

Devoted one, sleep well, and take thy rest;
Or fledge thy willing soul with broader wings.
Rest is deserved, and faithfulness hath won
A place of ministry, in larger things.

Ah, who can tell what ministries await
The careful doers of the Master's word?
Or what it means to enter in, and know,
The fullness of the joy of Him, our Lord?

XX

Amid the white spired city of the dead,
Where oft the long procession waits and weeps,
Let nature's sweetest flowers bloom, and vines
Twine lovingly, for there it is she sleeps.

O pines with soughing songs, whose shadow falls
With every westering sun, and slowly creeps
Among the grassy plots against the hill;
Sing low, sing low, for there it is she sleeps.

Thou too, O deep-toned sea, with far-sent voice
O'er barren shore, and over craggy steeps,
Come there with only cadent symphony,
A lullaby, for there it is she sleeps.

And thou, O winter snow, fall tenderly;
Spread smooth and white apart from drifted heaps;
Leave far behind thy chilly breath, thy cold
And icy hand, for there it is she sleeps.

I too, with gentle step, and quiet voice
Will come, when even' star its vigil keeps;
Or noontide summer-sun sends forth her shafts
Of golden light, for there it is she sleeps.

XXI

The dearest festival of all the year
Has come again. The blessed Easter morn,
Which shows the broken, empty tomb, and how
From death, the world's immortal hope is born.

A new and pulsing life is everywhere;
And fragrance rare has laded ev'ry breath:
For lilies white, and roses fair will bloom
Life's cheer, as well as comfort bring in death.

Dost dread to leave familiar things behind?
Dost fear the lone, and darkness of the way?
Dost wonder if beyond we still live on?
Or if life ceases with this little day?

"I am the Resurrection and the Life,
Who lives and trusts in me shall never die,"
He said before He went, and came again,
In proof, to those whose hopes low buried lie.

O victory! The sting of death is sin;
The strength of sin the law, the law of God;
But thanks to Him who giveth victory,
Full victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Familiar things shall still familiar be;
There is no lonely way with Him who comes
To take us to His own, His Father's house,
His Father's house of many, many homes.

O victory by faith! O'er death, the grave;
O'er every doubt concerning life beyond;
If over selfishness, and sin to-day,
We've victory, to which our hopes respond.

XXII

How swift the flight of time! the months, the
years;
Its passing brings new scenes, a knowledge new;
While much it carries to the vast beyond,
Abides alone in mem'ry ever true.

Out from the flowing flood we're gathering,
And too, we give of what we have and are,
Till time and evermore, are not the same
As though the passed and passing never were.

I grateful am for all that came to stay,
For all that waits a little on its way;
Since both have added to my sense of gain,
And made a brighter and a better day.

I fear I have not added much, or helped
To swell the passing tide of good. God knows,
And reckons motives, even more than deeds,
For these do measure what the heart bestows.

Could I have known at first as at the last,
What would I then have done, have dared
to do?
'Twere better not to know, but meet each day,
And deed, with trust in Him who always knew.

O giver of the good! I thank Thee for
Thy givings unto me; for Thou wast good;
Thou gavest better than was my desert,
Far better than I asked or understood.

And so out from the past, I gather much,
And hold it closely to my smitten heart.
'Tis mine, it ever will be; and when hence
I take my silent way, we shall not part.

XXIII

Come down this deep ravine with me, and help
Me clear away this drift of many storms;
And push aside the lichens, and the moss,
That hide both sacred shapes and ugly forms.

Ah! there it is, as made so long ago;
Writ in the stone, two names, a date between,
And dearer far than any name inscribed,
—My own—is one prenomen, "Kataleen."

O names in stone will longer live than you
And I. Will live when those who lived, unseen,
Forgotten are. Ah, well! And there remains
The rudely chiseled name of Kataleen.

I muse and wait; but comes the night. Again
The silver hoar-frost falls, a misty sheen;
Heart-chilled I take myself away from rock
And deep ravine, but not from Kataleen.

Dear Lord, I thank Thee that Thy manna falls
Each day for those who need the strength it gives;
Twas mine to-day, to-morrow 'twill be mine;
And too for every trusting heart that lives.

XXIV

The Christmas bells are calling o'er the snow;
They say, "Awake, O heart! O world, awake!
The holy Saviour of mankind has come,
A child in Bethlehem, and for thy sake."

I stir myself to catch the distant chimes;
To catch the meaning of a Saviour born,
I stir myself; and press against my heart,
The message of the sky unto the lorn.

I hear the children chanting 'neath the wreaths
Of holly, where the ladened spruce-tree stands.
They sing the birth of Christ the Lord, God's
gift
Of life to every heart, in all the lands.

Pile high the wood upon the blazing hearth,
And touch each taper with a brilliant light.
I wonder why it is so cold and dark,
And why the house so empty is to-night!

The chanting children seem so far away;
Their song so faint,—excepting o'er and o'er,
"And He is thine," they sing, "and He is mine
Forever more, is mine forever more."

They reach their little hands to me with gifts;
—Dear hands!—gifts sent by loving hearts.—
Dear hearts!
Why is my own poor heart so dumb and dead,
That neither song nor gift its rapture starts?

The bells have ceased to call across the snow,
The chanting children gone, the festal light;
Alone with tokens of her love I wait,
And con them o'er—some worn, some faded
quite.

God's gift and hers, and she are near me now:
And through the drowsy silence o'er and o'er,
Some far off chanting children sing—"Is mine
Forever more, is mine forever more."

XXV

This is the time and place she dearly loved;
The autumn of the year, the close of day.
Ah well! Ah well! And does she love them now?
And is her presence still not far away?

Between the seamed sea-rocks and river's
mouth,
The sandy crescent lies, just as it lay
Ere she was gone. Behind the duney sands,
Through which the swale-fringed creek twists
on its way.

And still beyond, the forest reaches far,
With arms outstretched the frail new moon to
clasp;
Which with one shining star, far downward
slips:
As though to sleep within its eager grasp.

And still there rocks and rolls the swinging
sea:
The tide comes in and breaks upon the shore;
The light-house beams, the cottage windows
shine:
And misty sail go out to come no more.

The world ne'er stops to note our cry of pain;
Nor changes from its well appointed way;
Obedient to law inflexible;
The law of yesterday, the law to-day.

'Tis heaven that stoops to wipe our tears away,
And solace brings in miracles of grace.
'Tis God who hears our cry of pain, and cares,
And shapes our ways, from His eternal place.

He ne'er mistakes, He ne'er forgets, nor fails
To give to those who knock, and seek, and ask.
Our stewardship account is rendered up
To Him at last, our test and probate task.

Sincerely should our trust repose in Him,
When dark and void the way on either hand.
He rules when we are lost and dumb and blind,
He leads though we may fail to understand.

And when life's rough and tossing sea is stilled;
Its moon and star set in the distance wide;
When morn eternal ends the breaking night,
Our trust will turn to sight; we shall be satisfied.

XXVI

O thou eternal Life! each vision of
Our dead, but makes us closer cling to Thee,
And ask if when the hour-glass is turned
For us, its sands will run eternally.

O Thou supremest Life! supreme to those
Submitting all. If not, the same supreme.
What matters it to have our way a while,
And then to wake, to find it but a dream.

O Thou divinest Life! though all the way
Is blunder marked, and stains have marred the whole
Of that ideal we set; to be divine,
Is yet the strongest impulse of the soul.

O Life with love and pity filled! forgive
Our sore complaint, if sorrows deep have lain
On us, and hid the joys of those most dear,
To magnify our loss, above their gain.

O loving Son of God! forgive, if I
Have erred in loving still the soul in which
Mine lived: which lived in mine; and passing
left
A rent, wide growing as a broken stitch.

Forgive if I have sinned, not to forget
Thy gift; to hold it fast; pain to have dulled
With memories, to which I fain would bring
A simple chaplet, which my heart has culled.

PORTLAND HARBOR LIGHTS

Ho! the harbor lights that gleam when the
stars gleam too;
When the path is clear and plain, where the
boats go through:
Pleasure boats with lights and song, merry
crowd aboard:
Cockle tugs that pant and puff, on their duties
bent;
Ships whose ample holds are filled with a costly
hoard;
Wave-washed, salt-encrusted ships o'er the
ocean sent.

Ho! the harbor lights that gleam through the
snow and rain;
Gleam when blackness settles down on the
troubled main:
When the gale in fury blows, dashing spray and
foam,

And the ships go staggering through the murky night,
Some so near and some so far, far away from home,
What can then more welcome be than the harbor light?

Ho! the harbor lights that gleam, near the city docks:
Snug "Breakwater" standing low on the reaching rocks,
Gazes with its crimson eye long before it winks:
Then more briefly looks again, ere it hides its glow.
"Spring Point Ledge" set farther out, where the great reef sinks
Just beneath the water's breast, when the tide is low.

Ho! the busy "Spring Point Ledge," blink and blink and blink;
Big, and then a little flash, quick as you can think;
Bound to catch the watching eye through the deepest dark,

Just between the sunken ledge and the vessel's lee,
Where Fort Preble stretches far, lying low and stark,
Looking down the water-way, leading to the sea.

By the gateway to the sea where the billows boom,
Steady shining "Portland Head" smites the nightly gloom;
Harbor sentinel, whose horn through the foggy drift
Sends a hoarse and warning blast from its brazen lips;
Harbor host, whose clear toned bell, over crag and rift,
Welcome hails and farewell gives, to the passing ships.

Ho! the harbor lights that gleam o'er the rocks of death!
Out upon the farthest point of "Elizabeth":
Out where storms in madness sweep from the east and west,
Covering the ragged jaws of the bar that bites;
Beacons to the mariners, seeking way or rest,
Burn the never failing fires of the bold "Two Lights."

Lifted twixt the wave and sky, cairn-flanked and alone,
Hearing only shifting seas, winds that shriek and moan,
Seeing only far off shores, crafts which cannot stay,
Shines the light on "Half-way Rock," turning out and in,
Now in red and then in white, beaming all the way
From the "Nubble" in the south, up to old "Sequin."

Set against the waters wide, tall "Ram Island Light"
Stands where fated ships have struck, in the bitter night;
Where o'er rocks and sand was hurled plunder of the sea,
Where so far from those most loved, who in silence wait,
Men were swept from measured time, to eternity,
Leaving hearts so full of pain, homes so desolate.

Ho! the harbor lights that gleam through the
black and gray
Showing where the way is not, pointing out the
way;
When the gale in fury blows, dashing spray and
foam,
And the ships go staggering through the murky
night,
Some so near and some so far, far away from
home,
What can then more welcome be, than the har-
bor light?

CONSECRATION

Before me stands the altar, claiming me
And all of mine. 'Twas not that I, myself
could give,—
For I belonged to Him who paid the price:—
But that I recognize His ownership,
Authority unchallenged, and upon
The consecrating altar utter it.
To give up self, and doing as I would,
How could it be? What would He ask of me
To be and do, when I was in His hands?
Alas! the land of consecration there
Was giant filled: with mighty walls each town
Encircled was. But God! ah, yes, but God!
And on the altar low I fell. It was
Not hard, but soft as couch with roses spread;
And though the messenger of sin beset
Me sore, and told me all my hopes had fled,
That all my usefulness was thrown away,
I whispered, ah, but God! to Him I do
Belong. Not only will He now exact,
But also will provide. When testings try
My soul, my privilege will be to test,
And know His loving power to hold and keep.

My God shall have His way; what that may
be
Who knows? Nor matters it so long as that
He has. Upon the altar, God I found,
And peace, the secrets of His open Book,
The meaning of the present waiting world,
The life to come. And there I found,—my
soul.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH BELL

Send forth thy voice, O sweet toned bell,
And to the listening people tell
The time to praise, the time to pray,
And usher in the Lord's own day.

O may they hear and heed thy call,
Though sun may shine or rain may fall;
And in God's house may they receive,
The help, which only God can give.

To burdened souls tell thou of rest;
With calmness fill the mourner's breast;
And when the last good-bye is said,
Speak thou of hope, above the dead.

Give greetings to the marriage train;
Bid worshipers to come again;
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
Ring out a welcome to the fold.

Say to the people far and wide,
For them the Christ of heaven died;
Tell them to come and seek His face,
And find His never failing grace.

COME NEAR, O LORD, AND TAKE MY HAND

The way is dark and lone, dear Lord;
Come near to me and take my hand;
Oh, let me see thy face, and hear
Some message, from the Father-land.
Thy word, the tempest stills,
And bids the storm depart;
Thy presence ever fills
With peace and joy, the heart.
Come near, O Lord, and take my hand.

Amen.

I BRING MY HEART

CONSECRATION HYMN

I BRING my heart to Thee, dear Lord:
'Tis all I have to bring;
Thou wilt in gracious love, I know
Accept the offering.
And thou wilt cleanse my sin away,
Till I am wholly clean;
And make my life, to Thee each day,
As Thine to me has been.

I come in faith, to Thee dear Lord:
Thou biddest me believe.
And if I take Thee at Thy word,
I know I shall receive.
And where the Spirit leadeth me,
At home, or o'er the sea,
I'll go with perfect trust in Thee;
For there's where I would be.

I come in love to Thee, dear Lord:
For thou hast loved me so,
I can but love, and follow on,
Thy greater love to know.

'Twas not for self that Thou didst live;
Thou gavest all for me.
My all in service I will give,
For I would be like Thee.

I bring my heart to Thee, dear Lord:
'Tis all I have to bring,
Thou dost in gracious love, I know,
Accept the offering.
And when my work on earth is done,
When Thee I see, my King;
With those who wait before Thy throne,
Thine endless praise I'll sing.

SAVIOUR, DEAR SAVIOUR

Saviour, dear Saviour, my heart longs for thee;
Thee whom I love because thou didst love me.
When shall I stand with thee, gaze on thy face,
Saved and brought home by thine infinite grace?

Fast the years fly by, and bear me
  On, in their flight,
On through days of cloud and sunshine,
  On through the night.
Daily duty holds me, and binds me;
Singing I do it, and doing am blessed,
Yet sometimes the Master finds me
Longing for home and rest.

What I do I must do quickly,
  Soon 'twill be late;
Late for many sad and needy:
  Love does not wait.
May thy love then fill me, and lead me,
That as thyself so thy servant may be;
Feeding others, thou wilt feed me,
Freeing, myself shall free.

Saviour, dear Saviour, my heart longs for thee:
Thee whom I love because thou didst love me.
When shall I stand with thee, gaze on thy face,
Saved and brought home by thine infinite grace?

HARKEN, LORD

Harken, Lord, to my petition,
Let Thy spirit come to me:
Thou alone know'st my condition,
Thou from sin my life canst free;
Take my burden, sin and sorrow,
Let my heart Thy temple be;
Then heaven's rest my earth shall borrow,
Then heaven's light my soul shall see.

Amen.

MY HELP

Thou placest no burden upon me,
Which Thou dost not help me to bear;
No service requirest Thou from me
Which Thou art not willing to share.

So then we will keep close together;
And what is too heavy for me,
And what I alone could not master,
For help, I will look unto Thee.

To look; that is all that I need do,
Thou helpest before I can call:
The soul that will love Thee, and trust Thee,
Thou never permittest to fall

Or fail. Oh, how good the assurance!
And better the help Thou dost bring:
And so, in the tempest my hope holds,
And so, 'mid the darkness I sing.

ALL IN ALL

Why should I sigh or complain?
God knows my thrall.
Why should I struggle for gain?
God giveth all.

Why should I fight what man saith?
God endeth strife.
Why should I shudder at death?
God is my life.

IN DAYS LIKE THESE

Written during the war between the United States and Spain.

O God of hosts, whose mighty hand
  Our fathers led across the seas,
We took from Thee our goodly land,
  To Thee we look, in days like these.
'Mid swelling tumult, bitter word,
  'Mid clashing arms and bugles' blare,
  While war-drums fret the fevered air,
In days like these, be near, O Lord.

The winds have swept our colors out,
  Our polished guns the sun has kissed;
With measured step and loyal shout,
  The men trooped by who now are missed.
The hilltops signal far away,
  And sea calls sea with beacon lips,
  Where ride our far-flung battleships,
To strike the foe, at break of day.

Forgive, O Lord, that we forgot
  To humble self and Thee to please;
Our vows unkept, sins thought, unthought,
  Forgive, O Lord, in days like these.

Our gift upon the altar lies,
Accept it ere Thou call us hence,
Although Thou saidst obedience
Is better than a sacrifice.

'Tis not for gain or vengeful spite
Our treasure and our life are poured:
But for the wronged who have no might,
Whose cry has reached the ear of God
In days like these, our motives take,
Since whom Thou usest Thou must trust
And when we smite because we must,
Help us to heal the wounds we make.

COLUMBIA'S NEW ERA

No oracle of classic fame,
Or Troy-like legend tells my birth;
God wrought the birth-pains when I came
Last born 'mong nations of the earth,
From hunger, cold and savage foes,
Exactions by my mother-land,
The fabric of a nation rose,
Beneath His care, and my right hand.

Content I've dwelt between the seas,
Apart from nations old and grand;
With blessings on my industries,
And store-full harvests of my land,
My sons have rich and brawny grown,
Their tents are spread from shore to shore;
My birth-strife, and the feuds our own,
Have welded us together more.

I've loved the hearth-stone of my home,
My home, wide-flung between the seas;
I've lived for mine and those who came,
None else to fear, none else to please.

But now my conquering arms are pressed
To islands leagues of waters hence,
With kings and queens I stand abreast,
Led by unerring Providence.

Has rosy preparation morn,
Become the duty-doing day?
Has time to gird and sandal gone?
Has come the metal-testing fray?
Thou sayest it; and thou hast right,
O Lord, to ask me for the best;
For such Thou gave in dark and light;
I've tested Thee, 'tis Thine to test.

I fathom not the wide domain,
To which my fate-urged feet draw near;
My heart, fear-fraught, turns back again;
And yet with Thee what should I fear,
If peoples fettered, claim my grants,
And some my love for their defence,
If some the blow for arrogance,
And Thou go with me, lead me hence.

Why fled the might of Rome away?
Why Nineveh forgotten is?
'Twas pride. Give humble heart I pray
However great my victories.

And so with trust in Thee alone,
I step to realms I do not know.
My censor, Lord, shall be Thy throne,
While Thy decree doth will it so.

My navies swinging on the seas,
My tented armies on the hill,
My prairie herds and mountain trees
Await the mandate of Thy will,
And I await Thy summons, Lord.
Through bugle blast, or beacon glare,
Or peace-abiding, love-lit word,
In world-wide fields, my part to bear.

LAUNCHING OF U. S. S. KENTUCKY

(March 24th, 1898)

Hail to the strongest, though youngest of ships,
Clasped to the bosom of waters to-day;
Hail to the maiden, who over thy lips
Dashes the spring to the ocean's salt spray.
Christened with water, and not with champagne,
Kentucky, we hail thee "defender";
Take as thy mission the life to sustain,
America cannot surrender.

Eager the sea is to welcome thy keel,
Armored and bastioned, equipped for the foe;
Eager our country thy strong arm to feel,
Sinewed and trained for the defensive blow,
Dear is the flag that will fly from thy mast,
And dear is the land that ye speak for,
Speak, then, with voice that is true to the last,
As true as the truth which men seek for.

Spared may ye be from the death-dealing fight,
—Better by being, to put it away;—
Yet, fail thou not to defend with thy might,
Liberty's homeland which hails thee to-day.
Christened with water and not with champagne,
Kentucky, we hail thee "defender";
Take as thy mission, the life to sustain,
America cannot surrender.

WAR

THE CALL

To arms! to arms!
Our flag has been insulted, strength defied:
Our nation's claim and pledge have been denied;
And now they lift themselves with taunt and threat
To humble us. We never can forget.
To arms! to arms!

To arms! to arms!
From mart and field—call out the best to fight;
No sacrifice is great: our cause is right.
Push on artillery and infantry,
Fling wide the battle line upon the sea.
To arms! to arms!

The drum,—drum,—the drum, drum, drum;
The drum,—drum,—the drum, drum, drum;
The drum,—drum,—the drum, drum, drum;
The rumble, rumble, tumble of the drum.
The streets are full of people, and the air is full
of cheers:
The women wave their handkerchiefs, and then
they dry their tears;
For soon their men and lovers will be from them
far away,
The boys have joined the army, and are march-
ing off to-day.

The drum,—drum,—the drum, drum, drum;
The drum,—drum,—the drum, drum, drum;
The drum,—drum,—the drum, drum, drum;
The rumble, rumble, tumble of the drum.

The bands are playing loudly, and the flags
are flying thick:
At shoulder arms the rank and file are coming
straight and quick;
'Tis "good-bye,"—"don't forget,"—"I hope
you've not got long to stay":
The boys have joined the army, and they've
marched away to-day.

The drum,—drum,—the drum, drum, drum;
The drum,—drum,—the drum, drum, drum;
The drum,—drum,—the drum, drum, drum;
The rumble, rumble, tumble of the drum.

A puff of fleecy smoke,
A boom, a scream of shell
In hurtled fragments, wide awoke
The morning; challenge to the hell
Of battle: answered back
With boom on boom, and deal of death.
From mouths of fire, and powder breath,
They answered back;
And they were answered back.

The forming lines appear,
With flash and glare of arms;
The bugle calls, the long roll near
And nearer sounds, the wild alarms
Of war are everywhere.
Our right, our left, our center hard
They strike, and we strike back, and ward
Them everywhere;
Death meets them everywhere.

And now the cavalry!
Man eager! horses glad
From restless, champing bit set free,
With smell of blood and smoke made mad!
The shining saber's slash!
Drawn back, but shining never-more,
Stained deep, and dripping human gore;
The sabers slash,
And fend the saber's slash.

Again the cannon boom,
And cannon answer back;
Our lines advance, for weal or doom;
Of nerve and valor without lack.
Ah, see! the foe retreats:
Our infantry and cavalry
Press on, and with the closing day
The foe retreats:
The baffled foe retreats.

The stars look from the sky
On plunder of the fight,
Where man and horse together lie,
Wrapped in the darkness of the night,
And pools of blood.
The wounded moan; the dead are stark,
Glare-eyed, white-faced, with many a mark
Of staining blood:
And garments rolled in blood.

The fight was won; but who can count the cost?
If much was gained and kept, much more was
lost.
The farms lie still and bare, industries wait,
And mute lipped sorrow stares at every gate.

In expectation, lone the orphan stands:
And wives and lovers wring their empty hands;
While some of those who went, came back
again,
With maimed and broken lives, to live in pain.

When to destroy is what we labor for,
When all our best are sacrificed to war,
What will the coming generation be?
What hand shall guide the wheels of industry?

Oh, cruel cost in money, time and life:
In life's constructive energies! when strife
Devours them all, denudes the best estate,
And teaches those designed to love, to hate.

A BETTER WAY

There is a better way, than that of blood and hate,
Of life and treasure wasted, homes made desolate,
To settle men's disputes;
A better way than that of strategy, of best
Equipment, most of men, and money, for the test
Of ownership and fruits.

The brute and bully far too long have had their way:
The pride and pomp of victory, shall pass away,
Give place to nobler law;
A Fatherhood divine, a common brotherhood,
Beneath the cross, which challenge every boasted good
Won at the price of war.

Let weapons fall, and lift up hands ye nations great,
To take the proffered olive-branch ere 'tis too late

To help to usher in
The time, foretold and sure to come, when wars
shall cease,
And all their brutal schemes, be turned to arts
of peace,
Together with their sin.

PASTIME

Soughing south-winds in the pine trees,
Branches softly swung;
Round, red moon, with golden pathway
O'er the waters flung.

Rocking row-boats at the inlet,
Ripples on the shore;
Far-off tides, that break the stillness
With a hollow roar.

Dews distilling all around, and
To my hammock tree
Hedge of wild rose sends its odor,
Afterward the sea.

Tenderly the scene enfolds me,
Hours come and go;
If awake or if I dream, I
Neither care nor know.

GABRIEL

"*Unbelief is blind.*"
Milton—"Comus."

Read before the Alumni Association of Bates College, June 27, 1888.

GABRIEL

With step irregular and slow,
Scarce moving oftentimes, we go,
Goal-ward. The dream of earth, of heaven—
Perfected human life—is given
To slumb'ring youth; yet hardly more
Than dream it is, which hastes away
With Phœbus' steeds, that bring the day,
The purpose testing. Memory
Of dreams! Like evening clouds they lay
Close knit about life's sunset way,
The largest meed in all its store.

Why so? I hear the sound of feet,
That hurry haste on every street.
The clarion call to work, the air
Is filling. Onward, everywhere
The people surge, their purpose set
As ocean waves, that smite the crags
And kiss the stars; he fails who lags,
He laughs whose censor shows no debt.

The pages writ with human deeds
We see; the racer runs and reads.
Kind hands to noble conquests beck,
And signals mark the place of wreck.
What heart can faint? 'Tis seen full well
No migrant bird, no flowers that blow
The thorny hedge beside, can know
As we the Father's love: yet so
Implicit are their lives, they dwell
In trust complete, and praises tell.
But why our purpose falls so low
Has been revealed by Gabriel.
Then come, and wait, and listen well,
To learn a truth from Gabriel.

The eastern sky, with crimson blush,
Announced the coming sun. The hush
Of night was gone. The city dear
To prophet, priest, and king, and all
The tribe of Israel, the call
To prayer had heard; and fall
Of reeds, storm-pressed on marshy mere,
Is like the people's kneeling, near
The place they entered not for fear.

They knelt in silence, not a word
They said; but where their wish was heard,
It cried: "O when from Zion here,
Shall the redeeming Lord appear?
Deliver us. Deliver us."

Within the holy place, close by
The incense altar, solemnly
The priest his spices lit with fire;
And as the smoke curled high, and higher,
He raised his face of strong desire,
And cried: "O when from Zion here,
Shall the redeeming Lord appear?
Deliver us. Deliver us."

His eyelids fell, when lo! In light
Divine, an Angel met his sight.
God's messenger, with radiant face
Stood there, to speak with tender grace,
And say: "Thy prayer is heard; the day
Is near at hand, in which He whom
Thy soul is pleading for shall come.
With joy and gladness, from thy home,
Shall go the herald of His way."

And so the prayer was answered; high
Might praise ascend, the day-spring nigh;
But fear and trembling him possessed
Who by the altar stood. "What guest
Is this? Who dares this sacred place
To enter now? Who can this be
That speaks with such authority?

Thy mission quickly tell to me;"
Demands the priest. So oft pray we,
And pray with incredulity;
Nor know, nor take our answers free
By heaven sent, rare gifts of grace.

This Angel touched his lyre when time
Was waking. Thoughts of God sublime
He knew; and oft on salient wing
Had sped on errands for his King.
On Ulai's banks long years ago
The seer's sight he led afar;
And when this morning set ajar
Her gates; to him was said, "His star
Will soon arise, the doubts that mar
Men's hopes, no longer need debar
Their peace. Go thou and tell them so."

He looked around, 'twas heaven indeed.
He looked to earth, and there saw need.
No beauty was so beautiful
To him, as being dutiful.
"Bearing some part a race to save,
Wherever such a work is given,
Is living still the life of heaven,"
He said: and spread his wings of driven
Snow, work to do, that all might crave.

He left star after star behind:
And worlds, which worlds can never find.
Companion spirits everywhere,
At love's behest, moved through the air.
Their call he answered not; nor could
He wait, nor let his pinions rest,
Until the place his feet had pressed,
By which the incense altar stood.

And now was doubted what he spoke.
'Twas never so before. It woke
His Godlike fire, and with his hands
Uplifted, "*He I am who stands*
Within the presence of thy God,"
He answered back. Ashamed and meek
The priest bowed low, essayed to speak
In vain, and ne'er his voice was heard
Again, until the Angel's word
Accomplished was. At length he stirred
The embers, but the fire was gone,
And he was standing there, alone.
Impatiently the people staid;
And knew, when he, so long delayed,
Came forth, and uttered not a word,
That he a token had from God.

We call to-day for noble men,
And noble women, too, for when,
Say we, the noble come to rule,
Compose the law, conduct the school,
Make homes and all society,
Our goal-ward move will swifter be.
You have such here, you have them there:
They've always been, and everywhere.
And still what unbelief is rife!
What jealousy, and hate, and strife!
What high pretending chivalry!
Perfected life is far away.

There's *waiting* for the work and word
Of him who will believe his God.
Believe thou God! Then there will be
A silenced infidelity.
Believe thou God! Not one can see
A cavil to such ministry.

You note the noble men I ween,
And women, who with timid mien,
The hungry lions stand before,
In the arena's ruddy gore.
You hear them, "Now about to die,
O Cæsar, Salutamus," cry.
But fear possesses them no more.

And who are these by love allied,
That stand the rugged cross beside:
And wait there, till the work is done
With nail and spear, which love begun?
Are these sweet spirits sent from heaven,
To whom no mortal griefs are given?
Nay, these are only humble men,
And maids with shy and modest grace,
With matrons mild; and every face
Shines like the sun: each dress is white
With heaven's celestial, sheeny light;
For their belief in God has been.

None but the truest souls may be
Exemplars for humanity.
And only forms of men are we
Who strive not for such mastery.
Sweet life! 'Tis worth the living well.
Behind, fond hope its promise brought;
Beyond, faith sees its purpose wrought;
And o'er to-day, broods love that's fraught
With power unanswerable, if he
Who does, believes in Deity:
As we may learn from Gabriel.

TWILIGHT

Slow fades the light, soft falls the night
In dusky shadows down,
To take away the cares of day,
And still the busy town.

Through azure bars, look out the stars
To guard the city's rest;
And lamplight gleams, with countless beams,
From homes by Heaven blest.

The sounding feet, along the street,
With children's laughter ring;
And birds of night, in weary flight,
Chant songs of love and spring.

With sweetness rare, upon the air,
Steal soft and mellow lays,
From organ's roll, and fill my soul
With thoughts of other days.

Oh, days of joy! when I a boy
Knew only life's sweet part;
When crowding cares and wily snares
Were strangers to my heart.

How grandly flew, through endless blue,
The clouds of fleecy white;
The evening star, seemed not so far
Away as it seems to-night.

The laughing rills among the hills,
The hollow-sounding sea,
The beating rain upon the pane,
Had happy songs for me.

The place I knew where berries grew,
The sweetest and the best;
And scarcely stirred the setting bird
Ere I had found her nest.

And day by day, to brush away
The thorns that came at will,
Two hands by me went constantly,
Two hands that now are still.

Oh, come again! ye golden train
Of youthful sunny days,
And bring to me simplicity,
In faith, in trust, and praise.

Ah! well I know the constant flow
Of ever passing years,
Shall bring those days of trust and praise,
Or some of brighter spheres.

And when from night, I find the light
Where changeless glories are,
That place shall be a Heaven to me,
If those I love are there.

A NIGHT WATCH

No flashing lances, golden bright,
No mellow waves of flowing light,
Where Phœbus reins his steeds of white,
  To course the morning sky;
But deep, dun darkness everywhere,
And chilly frost is on the air:
As bells proclaim the newborn year,
  While bells and bells reply.

I reach my palms out anxiously,
But empty come they back to me;
Athwart the somber vapid sea
  I cast my eyes in vain.
The way—what way? I see no way.
My feet move not, lest they should stray,
And rest in darkness, e'en when day
  Breaks bright, and clear again.

I con the morrow's yield; the year
So young and sweet to-day,—now here
But soon no more,—the opening year,
  What all its pages reck

I do not know; if hope shall die,
If love, and life shall bruised lie,
If peace, and joy shall wander by,
And clouds the sky befleck.

How bright the west on yester-night!
The clouds wrapped round the sun how bright!
And 'mong the stars in streaming light,
I watched the afterglow.
The kind old year,—the dear, dead year—
Poured out its costly treasures here,
And blessings answered doubt and fear,
E'en more than now I know.

His voice was whispered in the air:
His hand was gracious everywhere:
His feet—but hark! His feet all bare
Are nearing unto me;
O wicked heart! O hollow heart!
That could from Him one moment part;
To wake and look, and looking start
That He is close to thee.

When ceased His love to flow for all?
When did He slight my troubled call?
When did the timid sparrow fall
Unnoticed, and alone?

E'en though the way winds darksomely,
The morrow never counsel me,
If in His own my hand may be,
  Enough; "Thy will be done."

Awake, my soul! my soul, awake!
He comes as summer mornings break,
To scatter shining rays; to make
  In thee a vestal fire.
Awake, and breathe across the lyre
Thy softest breath! Thy faint desire
For lofty strains, shall lead thee higher,
  And lofty strains inspire.

Awake, my heart! let incense rise;
Let pæans meet the melted skies;
Let garlands, rich with purple dyes,
  Bestrew the way He goes;
Pour forth thy grandest ministry.
Whatever in the year may be,
Whichever way He leadeth thee,
  It matters not; He knows.

WELLS

IN MEMORY OF H. A. R.

The waves rolled in and broke
  Upon the shore;
The winds came full and fresh
  Across the sea;
The misty sail went out
  To come no more;
And left the dying day
  To him, and me.

We wandered up and down
  The beaten sand,
And talked of things our hearts
  Alone could know:
Till long the shadows grew,
  And o'er the land
Night spread her sable wings,
  And hovered low.

'Twas long, and long ago,
  Dear boy, dear boy;
Yet oft upon that same
  Smooth shore I stray;

When memories of the past
  Come back with joy;
And oft my lonely soul
  Looks up to say:

"God bless 'the boy,' and bring
  Him back to me."—
Still roll the waves and break
  Upon the shore;
Still sail the ships across
  The misty sea;
But we shall meet, for time
  Is evermore.

TO A CHURCH TOWER

Above the streets and buildings, high,
I see thy face against the sky,
To all the town the sentinel.
And distant hills, and glinting sea,
Companionship have found in thee:
As they who long together dwell.

About thee shine the nightly stars;
To kiss thee haste the early bars
Of light, that pierce the morning sky.
How shrieks the storm at thy far height!
How smite thee, as with fist of spite,
The hail and lightning, flying by!

The winter snow and breath of spring
Alike receive thy welcoming;
And summer's gold and autumn's gray.
While birds, your casements close beside
May build and brood, with autumn-tide
To lead their migrant young away.

To every tardy worshiper
Thy chimes an invocation bear.
Thou callest forth the bridal train.
And when, above the silent dead
Sweet songs are sung, and prayers are said,
Thou sendest forth thy deep refrain.

This sayest thou: "Unchangeable
In midst of change; of blessings full."
And callest out my prayer to God
That evermore, to mine and me
Of glory full and changeless, He
May be, according to His word.

THE DYING YEAR

How soft and low along the shore,
A song dies out at eventide,
How glides along the trembling air,
As if all songless tones to hide.

How slow the fading embers turn,
As lower down the red flames fall,
And almost grasp the spirit life
Of shadows, moving on the wall.

How steals the cold upon the heart,
—The troubled spirit seeking rest;—
When close the eyes to worldly sights,
And fold the hands upon the breast.

So dies the weary year to-night,
And hugs its robes of silver-gray,
To meet the bounds the fates have set,
And vanish with the coming day.

How many joys the year has brought,
How many sorrows full and deep,
How many thoughts have filled the soul,
The soul will ever, ever keep.

While moons have waned and stars have set,
To alternate the night and day,
The flowers have bloomed and faded out,
The birds have come and flown away.

The merry laugh of summer time
Has lost its echo in the sky;
And shouts from hearts once full of glee
Live only now in memory.

The golden fruit of harvest-time
Has fallen from the ladened bough,
The withered leaves have rustled down,
The brooklet's song is dying now.

So dies the weary year to-night,
And hugs its robes of silver-gray,
To meet the bounds the fates have set,
And vanish with the coming day.

LONGINGS

I LOVE these deep hills rolling onward and onward,
The green at my feet far away turning gray,
Where the long flying zephyrs their sighings turn songward,
And clouds stoop with kisses the moments they stay;
The purple and gold bed
Of shadows, deep folded,
Rolling and rolling away.

Full knee-deep the grass stands, and waves in the meadow,
Where daisies are nodding, and nodding heyday,
As calling the clover to come to the shadow
From maples, flung over the brown dusty way;
Dun mists of the morning,
The river banks fawning,
Rising and rolling away.

A whirring of wings with a rapturous trilling,
And down drops the lark from his sun-seeking flight;
The usual chatter of robins; the billing
Of doves in mid-air, as they wheel to alight;
The drowsily dronings
Of bees; but these croonings
Never can make my heart right.

My soul flies along with the beck, from the hill-face,
That winds like a string through the heather away,
To leap o'er the precipice, dash in the mill-race,
Impatient with objects its currents allay;
For a parental face,
For a long, long embrace,
Flowing and flowing away.

I long for a bit of that deep hollow sounding,
The roll on the beach, then the ebbing; the play
Of emerald waves, which in rolling and bounding,
Fling high o'er the rocks and the grasses their spray;
The deep hollow sounding,
The bounding and bounding,
Rolling and rolling away.

I long for the sea vision, far heaven meeting:
The sand-plover's feast, in the waters delay;
The shouts of the fishers, the far away greeting;
The wandering gulls in their void pathless way;
The far away glimmer
Of ships, that grow dimmer,
Sailing and sailing away.

Away and away, till the heavens receive them;
And still they sail on, though I cannot see,
And still do the shoals and the waters deceive them,
E'en though the blue heavens conceal them from me;
Oh, will there be shrinking,
And danger of sinking,
When heaven shall envelop me?

I long,—but my soul flies away like the river,
That's coming and going, and yet at the sea;
Nor mountain, nor meadow, nor sunshine can ever
Persuade the bright river contented to be;
My heart's overflowing,
Is coming and going,
Reaching to eternity.

And sometimes, I catch just a bit of the sounding,
The hollow retreating, the ripple, and play,
A glimpse of the billows, that bounding and bounding,
Come up to a shore, with their white foaming spray;
A far away glimmer
Of ships, that grow dimmer,
Sailing and sailing away.

A SHADOW

Red burned the sun in a cloudless sky,
Darting its rays on a blistered land;
The morning zephyrs had all gone by,
And I was faint on the heated sand;
Faint for food, and for water dry,
Weak, with nothing to guide my hand.

Rough were the hills I had left behind,
Rude were the rocks that had pressed my feet,
And now 'twas vain that I sought to find
Protecting shade from the scorching heat;
Water cool nor a fresh'ning wind
Came to quiet my temples' beat.

Out on the edge of the bounding rim,
Tree-tops nodded, inviting me there!
And rippling waves of a brooklet's hymn,
Came faintly over the torrid air;
Deepset hills with their summits dim,
Promised shade and a rest from care.

Over a billowy amber sheet,
White wing'd ships met the distant sky;
I knew the breeze there was soft and sweet,
The spray was cool, dashing wild and high;
'Twould soothe my burning temples' beat,
Lend me breath as it bounded by.

But, as I looked to the glowing west,
Over the end of the lapsing plain,
I saw a cloud that was slowly pressed
By cooling air, and a misty rain,
Golden volumes were on its crest,
Crimson beauty filled up its train.

Far from my feet were the nodding trees,
Far were the hills, with their cooling shade,
The sails were dim on the distant seas,
The song came low from the brooklet's glade.
I so weak could not go to these,
So I trusted the cloud for aid.

Yes, I would wait 'till it came to me,
Wait 'till it climbed up the vaulted blue,
And then its shade should my refuge be,
My lips should drink in its moist'ning dew.
Oh, the cloud ever light and free
Would my low drooping life renew.

Brighter and richer its tints appeared,
Grander and bolder it moved along,
And wider spread in the sky, and neared
The sun, and moved like a swaying throng:
Soft its face was and pearly teared,
Bearing never a look of wrong.

Then, there were flashes that lit the air,
Murmuring sounds echoed far away,
And yet I thought that the light was fair,
The life and joy of the cloud at play;
So the sounds must be music there,—
Songs, to waken my own that day.

Wrapped was my soul in a pure delight,
Blinding my eyes, and I could not see
The coming gloom, for across my sight
A pleasure promise there seemed to be;
Sudden a flame of blue and white
Filled the air, and awakened me.

Heavy and harsh came a thunder crash,
Then it was dark as a night could be,
The rain fell down like a tyrant's lash,
To drench the land, and to beat on me,
Sweeping winds, with a mighty dash
Flung me low, 'mid the falling sea.

Wildly I reached out my weary arms,
  Throwing them up through the murky night,
And cried, "Oh, where are the pleasing charms,
  The songs of love, and the golden light?"
All was vain, and my blistered palms
  Hugged the earth, as I shrank with fright.

LIFE'S SONG

Soft and low the song arose,
With a sweetness half of Heaven;
All were silver tones, and those
By the purest impulse given.
And yet 'twas deep
As is the stir of tender leaves,
When summer's breath its bosom heaves;
Or when the tide, at ebb, once more
Rippling a wave to kiss the shore,
Awakes from sleep.

Deeper, fuller, still it grew
With an alto just as sweet
As the treble, but the two
Came with quick, impulsive feet.
Oh, what a song!
'Twas full of life, all free from care,
And, leaving sunshine everywhere,
It danced and played with childish glee
Among the hills and by the sea,
Sweeping along.

When the stars were clear and bright,
And the air was calm and still,
Have you ever, in the night,
Seen the poplar branches thrill?
Have you seen it?
How restless and impatient seemed
The aspen leaves, nor ever dreamed,
Although the night, with shady crest,
Had sent the world to peace and rest,
As it was fit!

Thus it was the music swelled;
While a tenor, full and high,
Joined the glad strain as it welled,
Filling all the earth and sky
With rapture full;
Impatiently it bounded on,
When every other sound was gone,
And sought to catch a higher strain,
As echoes answered back again
Its sounding roll.

Then rolled in the deep-toned bass;—
Rolled as rolls across the sky
Fleecy clouds with brazen face,
Telling that the storm is nigh.
And came the storm;

For burst the song and poured around,
With harsh and sweet and varied sound,
At war with each opposing thing,
It sped with quick and active wing
In magic form.

There were cries of joy and love,
Mixed with vengeance-boding rails;
Shrieks of pain rang high above
Groans and moans and angry wails.
And there were sighs,
And sobs, as from a wounded heart
Which all had left to bear its part
Alone. And rose and fell upon
The air, a strain as sings the swan
Before it dies.

Rang the mad and maddening tune:
Bringing to the mind a view
Of the ocean, rough and soon
Rougher, thrilled with fury through;
And there a craft,
Now tossed upon the swelling flood,
Then wrapped in black and seething blood;
With sails and mast and cordage riven,
Oft seeing hell and seldom heaven,
While demons laughed.

Nature sometime must have rest,
And at length, with fury spent,
Softer grew the tones, that pressed
Down the sounds of calm content.
The waves ran low;
And far, across a crimson sea
The ship sailed on, strife-marked but free.
As purer comes the gold from fire,
So came the song with chastened ire,
And measured flow.

Faster than it lived it died;
Breathing ever soft and low,
'Til it seemed naught else beside
Echo-answered tremolo.
So lulled the strife;
And sank the sounds that should be sweet,
To make a harmony complete;—
So flew along the sunlit track,
And through the stillness whispered back,
"It was a life."

END OF THE COLLEGE COURSE

Again we've turned to meet the sun,
And silver cloudlets one by one
  Come up across the sea;
Their wings spread fragrance everywhere,
As sweet as scented blossoms are,
  Upon the tropic lea.

I hear the pines' low whisperings,
And tales the Androscoggin brings
  From many a hillset glen.
While out beyond the dusty town,
On Nature's lap, I throw me down
  Full prone, to breathe again.

Oh, welcome June! Twice welcome June!
Thou'rt come again so soon, so soon,
  Thou Parcae, ever near;
Thou weavest in and out the year,
The saddest, yet of all most dear,
  To those who meet thee here.

Yes, one year more—ah, four have gone;—
But four short years are only one;
A watch amid the night;
A pleasant dream that's come and gone,
A song so sweet we would sing on;
But for the end we might.

What shadows these that drift along?
What spirits join my idyl song?
Unburied hopes of yore,
Why come to haunt me at your will?
Inglorious slain, why wander still
Upon this beaten shore?—

The earth is cold, oh! let me turn
My face toward the glowing sun
That warms the winter wind.
And thou return, O Son, from whom
We oft have turned when thou hast come
Our wildered hopes to bind.

How often thou hast come and gone,
And come again, and lingered on,
To make our hearts thine own;
While some whose hearts last year beat free,
Have turned their noiseless steps to thee,
And left us here alone.

Yet June in fragrant clouds shall come,
With waving green and nodding bloom,
  When we in silence lie;
The dewy grass will scent the morn,
The river still will murmur on,
  The stars will swim the sky.

The birds will sing the same sweet song,
Then lead away their migrant young,
  Across the foamy sea.
But other feet will walk these ways,
And other lips bespeak the praise,
  Beloved Bates, of thee.

Ah me! 'twould break the saddened heart
If this were all: to meet, to part,
  And then to meet no more:
But far beyond the glowing sun,
A thousand years are only one,
  And one a thousand o'er.

THE SMALL IS GREAT

Awake, awake, O! gentle Muse,
And fill my soul with songs to-night—
With songs of joy and hopefulness,—
Like mellow rays of morning light

That faintly veil the watching stars
At first,—and then they steal along
The sky, and brighter grow till all
The world seems full of light and song.

I would not sing of chivalry,
Of glories won in battle's strife,
Of honors gained for honor's sake,
Or fame that ends with ending life.

Oh, let me sing a softer strain,
Of common chords that come and go
In every heart, and strike the notes
That every one can feel and know.

Ofttimes we think we would be great
By deeds more great than have been done;
We reach far out beyond our reach,
And then come back with nothing won.

I've heard of one who, bright and young,
Set out to do a mighty deed;
And even though it took his life,
Naught else could satisfy his greed.

He climbed the rugged mountain tops,
When storms were beating rough and wild;
He searched the tangled forest through;
And where the heated sands were piled

Across the plain, he wandered on,
Beneath the sun's most scorching rays;
And often thirst and hunger came
And went, unsatisfied for days.

So searched he still, till youth was gone;
And, when the brown locks white had 'come,
And feeble were the aged limbs,
The old man sought his early home.

Sought home—and still unsatisfied,
For what he craved he had not gained.
His form was bowed with many years;
His heart by disappointment pained.

But, as he neared his native cot,
He saw a stranger all alone,
With none to do a kindly act;
And life's last spark had almost flown.

Then brought he to the dying man
Cool water from a spring near by,
To quench his burning thirst; and watched
The thankful look within the eye

Of him who dying lay; and heard
"God bless you" softly said, as fell
The feeble head, and sank the soul
Into the realm where all is well.

The greatness sought through many years
Had come in doing this small deed;
That happy look—those thankful words—
Now swept away the earnest greed

For fame and honor unsurpassed,
And taught that satisfaction comes
In doing good where there is need,
To those who live close by our homes.

Oh, happy he who has a smile
For every one, perchance, he meets;
Whose heart, for all the struggling world,
With love and trust and friendship beats.

Oh, sad the wood, and desolate,
Which has no vines entangled there,—
Which has no bird to wake with song
The drowsy, sleeping morning air.

Oh, sad the grassy, sloping hill,
Where not a flower would deign to blow;
Oh, lone and drear the rifted rock,
Where neither moss, nor lichens grow.

'Tis little things that we can do,
That, when our labor all is done,
It may be great, and well performed,
And pleasing to the Mighty One.

LESSONS FROM THE SEA

Wild, rugged rocks on "Sunlit" isle
Jut out to meet the restless sea,
And form a cove, with sandy beach,
So harbor-like, that one would be
Contented here when all is calm,
Or in the dangers of a storm.

I've stood here when the limpid sea
In gentle ripples kissed the shore,
When lazily the ships came in,
Well freighted with their goodly store
Of merchandise, and o'er the bar
The sailors' welcome sounded far.

When many other ships went out,
Far out across the boundless main;
I saw their shrouds fade in the sky,
And wondered if they'd come again;
Or if the storm and tide and wind
Would keep some one of them behind.

I've stood here when the shades of night
Hung heavy o'er the sea and land;
When wildly beat the surging waves,
And flung the spray far up the strand,
And sometimes with it sail and spar
That took the ship across the bar.

How like our lives! We sail far out,
Out, out into the misty sea;
Our boat is firm, the sails are strong,
The sea is wide, the winds are free;
Yet many, when the voyage is o'er,
Are broken wrecks upon the shore.

Once in a storm a bird flew past;
I heard the sea-gull's painful cry,
As wearily it beat its wings,
In fright, against the angry sky;
I saw it fly against the light,
Then fall amid the rocks and night.

My soul was not unlike the bird
That passed me when the storm was high;
And now the time to choose had come,
Which I would take, which let go by,
The joy that truly is a joy,
Or that which comes but to destroy.

Ah! He who gives the lily clothes,
And notes the trembling sparrow's fall,
Will never leave His child alone:
He watches o'er and cares for all;
And when the tempter's grasp is strong,
A kindly hand will shield from wrong.

Close by my side the ragged moss
Lay torn, and strewn along the sand;
And some was driven on the waves,
And thrown far in upon the land;
While some clung firmly to its rock,
And trembled when the rushing shock

Was o'er, and swift retreating tides
Pulled at the sinews of its life.
Should I be tossed on waves like these
Against the cliffs, or leave the strife,
To die upon the barren shore,
Unknown uncared for evermore?

Or like the moss upon the rock.—
Oh, happy thought! That ragged stone,
In union with the restless sea,
Gave all the life the moss could own.
Oh, "Rock of Ages! cleft for me,"
Now let me "hide myself in thee,"

I said, and sought the one true light.
I pitied then the affrighted bird
That swept across the midnight sky,
And cried when none could help who heard:
And thought the light would guide it home,
Which shone to say, "you must not come."

The sun rose clear the morrow morn,
'Twas clear all day: and when it set,
The gold and purple on the sea
And shore, I never shall forget;
The hills seemed as a purple fold,
The city spires were threads of gold.

And when the afterglow reached up
Toward the soft and mellow dome,
The gates of heaven seemed ajar,
To welcome storm-tossed pilgrims home;
And there I stood beside the sea
Which had a lesson taught to me.

Good-bye, loved shore, I'll come again,
Perhaps, to tread your yielding breast;
If not, you'll teach some other soul
The way to live when I'm at rest.
If e'er I come, or come no more,
Good-bye, good-bye, remembered shore.

THE FIRST SNOW STORM

PART FIRST

The searching winds and bitter frost
Were not sufficient for our host;
The earth he grasps as though a foe,
And stamps his seal with driven snow.

Oh! how it whirls adown the street,
And eddies round the flying feet
Which seek some place, that will bestow
A shelter from the driving snow.
In and out, like magic woofs,
Across the many-gabled roofs;
Around the belfries, on the bell,
In gabled nooks, where pigeons dwell;
In alleys cramped, on gardens free;
In through the wharves, upon the sea—
Where stiff and cold the sails must be,
And cold and stiff humanity,—
In every place the east winds know,
Is whirred and whirled the Winter snow.

And yet there sounds the merry chime
Of bells, and laughter joins the rhyme,
As forms flit by in wraps and furs,
Not caring for the whirls and whirs
Of all the winds, when they can go
A-riding on the first new snow.

While up and down the busy streets
The endless crowd another meets;
In it are men with overcoats,
And caps, and gloves, and walking-boots,
Which keep their flowing blood so warm
They hardly mind the blustering storm.

In it are women, wrapped so free
Their blushing cheeks you scarce can see;
Their jewel-flashes in the light
Do not exceed the glances bright
Cast from their eyes; and what care they?
The fire at home was warm to-day,
And 'tis to-night. But there are some
Within that throng who think of home
In vain; and in the storm and cold,
With faces poor and pale and old,
And garments fringed with rags, they go,—
Old men and children,—through the snow.

And women, wrinkled up and thin,—
Whose strength the wind turns out and in,
Whose shawls and gowns it blows away
Would cool them on a summer day,—
Go up and down through all the snows,
And still live on through all their woes;
And how they live, God only knows.

Where warm the fire burns and bright,
To drive away the cold to-night,
The snow makes home a place more dear,
And draws the scattered circle near.

But where the cold may come and go,
And through the walls may sift the snow,
Whichever way the winds may blow,—
O Thou who heard the ravens' cry,
And left them not alone to die;
Who fed the needy by the sea,
And healed the sick of leprosy;
Who hast through all this mortal strife
Our thoughts upon the book of life;
Who saith to all, "Come unto me,"—
Care Thou for those who needy be!
Thy people's hearts fill liberally
With love, and earnest charity:
That food and fire may change the plight
Of those who feel cold fortune's slight,
And shiver in the streets to-night.

Far out beyond the busy town,
Across the hills and meadows brown,
Still falls the snow: it covers up
Green banks where grew the buttercup,
With clover red, and violets,
And modest, laughing-eyed bluets.

Arbutus buds have sought the light;
But, like some alabaster jar,
In which perfumes and spices are
Confined, until a gala day
Full worthy of such treasures rare,
Shall break the seal and drug the air,—
The crystal flakelets here unite,
To hide the flowers and spice they bring,
Which burst at length with bursting Spring.

The crisp, dead leaves blot out my road,
That wound among the summer wood,—
Among the wood, where thrushes sung,
And made their nests and bred their young.

And now the leaves still whiter grow;
The thrush's nest is full of snow;
And round the branches spreading high,
So thin and bare, against the sky,
Like specter fingers, weird and old,
The snowy mantle spreads its fold.

Sweet summer saw, in happy mood,
A brook flow by the margin wood;
And there, where reeds and rushes drown
With birds a-balance on their tips,
Across the hills the herds came down
To draw from deep-reflected lips.

And ran the laughing brook its way,
'Neath alder tassels, soft and gray,—
Where spider-webs hung all the day,
And glanced the summer sun away;—
O'er pebbles smooth, with merry glees,—
A moment resting at the pool,
In forest alcoves green and cool,
To kiss the bending moneses,
And lave the roots of thirsting trees:—
Then out again 'mong hills and leas,
To find the dim and distant seas;

As seeks a soul that path of life,—
Though winding round through sin and strife,—
Which leads at last to God: and so,
As mighty barriers block the way,
Bedim the life, shut out the day,
The brook has lost its gentle flow,
And curdles cold beneath the snow.

No longer in the early morn,
The quail pipes 'mid the stubble corn;
No longer rustles shrub or tree,
Nor waves the flowing meadow sea;
And some who laughed and loved in Spring,
Who saw with us the blossoming
Of peach, and apple blossoms rare,—
And sensed their fragrance in the air,

Who loved these hills, and valleys free,
The roar and murmur of the sea,
The flying clouds, as well as we;
Whose hopes and hearts in ecstasy
Were strong for life's best ministry;
Beneath the sods upon the hill,
Are lying lonely, cold, and still.

Oh, lone and still upon the hill!
And round the mound of lifted ground,
A silvery shroud of snow is wound.

Though while I gaze into the night,
A mist bedims my shortened sight:
The light is bright and clear, I know,
Above the whirling, drifting snow;
Far, far beyond the driving clouds,
Are whiter robes than snowy shrouds.

INVOCATION TO SPRING

O HASTEN ye zephyrs, come up from the south-
land,
All fragrant with flowers and grass of the
lea;
Stay not on thy journey to rest thy light
pinions,
Or toy with the waves of the loud-sounding
sea.

Come bear us the swallow, whose murmuring
twitter
Begins with the morning and lasts with the
day.
O bring back the songbirds which made us our
summer;
And all the fair birdlings you carried away.

Burst forth, laughing waters, so still on the
mountain,
O make the hills echo with music and glee,
We list for the rush of thine arrowy torrent,
Impatiently waiting for thee to be free.

You whisper of chasms and of sweet-scented bowers,
Of vine-covered alders, of rocks old and gray;
And seem like the moments with sorrow or gladness,
Forever approaching, forever away.

Awake, tender blossoms, awake from thy sleeping,
The sun's rays are warm through the brown rustling leaves:
And gray tasseled catkins are bending above you,
Where hangs the thin web, which the field spider weaves.

Come open your eyes to the mellowing sunlight,
And breathe out your breath on the fluttering air,
Your beauty enchants us, your perfume incites us,
For no Eastern incense was ever so rare.

Now gird on your verdure, nude arms of the forest,
Too long have your weird hands been pointing on high:
Too long have the cold winds caressed your bare fingers,
We wait for the rustle of leaves in the sky.

Come back, happy days, when the slow fading sunset
Illumines the mountains, the vales and the sea!
When angels push open the gold bars of heaven,
And show us the light that for us is to be.

The winter was chilly, and gathered a harvest
Of all that the spring and the summer caressed;
The birds and the blossoms, the songs of the rivers,
The verdure in which all the mountains were dressed.

And hearts that were happy with us in the spring-time
Were chilled by the coldness, and withered away:
And ties that were tender are hardened or broken,
And loves have grown cold with the wintery sway.

Then hasten, ye zephyrs, come up from the southland
All fragrant with flowers and grass of the lea;
Stay not on thy journey to rest thy light pinions,
Or toy with the waves of the loud-sounding sea.

WHITE MOUNTAINS

Abode of winds forever cool and sweet;
So early thou dost find the fleecy snow!
So late thine arms unclasp to let it go!
And source thou art of limpid streams, which meet
In river floods, yon whirling wheels to greet.
From shoulder tips to sunken gorge below
Is forest wilderness, where gardens grow
In wanton thrift, unknown to human feet.

Thy pillars vast from temple aisles arise,
To stay the canopy of drifting clouds,
Whose shadows fleck thy verdant sides. The skies
Whose morning wraps thee round, with misty shrouds,
Bend low at night, with lamps for paths untrod;
And silence unto silence tells of God.

LAKE AUBURN

I LOVE thee best in June, when ends the filled
Full day; and toward the burning clouds that meet
The gate through which the sun has passed, my feet
Are turned, beneath the evening star. Dew-stilled
The blooms of wild grape drowse the air, dream willed
With odors delicate, and sweet as sweet.
Like silvery vesper chimes wood thrushes greet
And call, till richest songs of earth have thrilled
The leafy trees, through which the road-ways wind.
In margins of the lake rough boulders sink;
There wood and tangled copse reflection find,
There hills slip down across the limpid brink,
And cut the polished shield with points tree lined;
Where stars are mirrored deep, which hang and blink.

STONE FACE OF THE ANDROSCOGGIN

The Androscoggin river flows between the cities of Lewiston and Auburn, Maine. From the Auburn side may be distinctly seen the profile of a human face, formed by the rock projecting from the river's bed.

Where waters of the Androscoggin flow,
Thou risest from their rocky midst, a crest,
O face of stone; and true to some behest,
Defiance to the storms that come and go,
Thou bidd'st. Against thee press the ice and snow,
The river drivers drift. And thou art dressed
In silver sheen, which floods across thy breast,
When come the torrents of the springtime floe,

Did some wild deluge carve thy face man's own,
And leave thee there? Did madness fling thee to
That pile, and petrify thee into stone?
What thou hast heard, what scenes have met thy view,
If thou wast here ere man these ways had known,
Thou tellest not. To secrets thou art true.

THE RIVER ROAD AT TWILIGHT

Toward the South, where ends the city street,
Begins the "River Road" of ashen gray;
And winds the road a dozen miles away,
As winds the river with its tasks replete.
Not much between them lies, save where you meet
An elbow, copsed, or flush with growing hay,
Or golden-rod, and asters wild, that fray
'Neath climbing clematis and cleavers sweet.

The current meets the ripraps, rushed and whirled
Tumultuous, then laves the shores to sleep;
While sunlight fades upon the tired world,
And 'mong the skirting trees the shadows creep.
The curtains which concealed the stars are furled,
And falling dews the ripe, lush clover steep.

AGAMENTICUS

Mount Agamenticus is situated in the southern part of York County, Maine.

To all the country round a sentinel,
'Mid rocks and fields of York, set firm and true;
And to the ships, that search the gray mists through,
Thou art the first of nearing land to tell.
Where flows Piscataqua, through wood and fell,
And nears the city by the sea, I view
Thee rising like a mound of sapphire blue.
From Kennebunk, twin mountains mark the well
Above the trees, two dozen miles from us;
While from the Beach, beyond the curving shore
Of Wells 'tis Naples and Vesuvius,
The mountain to the left. But thou wert more
My childhood friend, O Agamenticus,
From Berwick glades, and from my old home door.

THE CRICKET

"By one great Heart, the Universe is stirred:
By Its strong pulse, stars climb the darkening blue;
It throbs in each fresh sunset's changing hue,
And thrills through low sweet song of every bird."

—"Life"—Margaret Deland.

THE CRICKET

I LISTENED for the blue-bird, and the robin in the spring:
And when they came, my heart went out, with such a welcoming;
For with their notes, from morn till eve the apple orchard rang,
And "summer's coming," "summer's coming," was the song they sang.

Some days when wind and snow were cold, and hedges were a boon,
The robins huddled there, and wondered if they'd come too soon;
But with the sun, came every one; again the orchard rang,
And "summer's coming," "summer's coming," was the song they sang.

Then came the swallows, one and two, increasing flocks in train;
And then we knew the summer true, had come to us again.
O swallow with your purple wing, and breast of ruddy cream,
You take my ways to other days, across the years of dream.

Again I see the naked farmhouse, blistering in the sun;
Again the doors of ample barns, flung open every one;
While down the road the wagon sways, piled high with scented hay,
And bears us to the lofty mows, to stow the hay away.

Against the beams and rafters, thick with silken cob-webs hung,
The swallows glue their muddy nests, and hatch their hungry young:
They glance about, go in and out, and circle through the air;
'Mong gnat and fly, their constant cry is, "catch it," everywhere,

With tired wing, on beam or fence they settle
in a row,
And sing a queer uncanny songlet: just to let
you know
That they can bring an offering of praise,
when it is meet,
For guidance through the pathless sky, for
home and friendships sweet.

Spring brought a nightly orchestra for ev'ry
pool and fen,
And none were left to loneliness, for there was
music then;
The hylas of the pipe and reed, and it was theirs
to own
And play all kinds of instruments, from flute
to deep trombone.

A-balance on the tossing spray, adrift in lap-
wing flight,
The bobolink with laughing song, made even
gray days bright.
The brown was made to nest and brood, the
black and gold to sing;
O, bobolink! I oft bethink the happy songs you
bring.

The meadow lark! again I hark to catch its notes of praise,
Again I gaze, through morning haze of longest summer days,
To see it poise itself midair, and end its song, —alas
It never wants to end,—and drop into the meadow grass.

The meadow grass! breast high herds grass, with clover in between;
While under all are strawberries, ripe red, and white, and green.
The hanging bells of yellow lilies, cups of freckled reds:
And oxeyed daisies, here and there push up their sunkissed heads.

Of all the summer strains with which the hedge and forest rang,
The sweetest was the vesper song, the hermit thrushes sang;
Amid the shadows of the trees, the rosy twilight sky,
The lighting of the evening star, the choirs of heaven seemed nigh.

O summer had its minstrels, from the cold to
cold again:
Though many when their nests were full, for-
got their glad refrain;
But field and wood are empty now, and empty
is the air;
The song of bird is never heard, they've found
a home elsewhere.

Their flight the meadow tribes began, soon as
their young were grown:
While week to week revealed to us that other
tribes had flown;
So late the robins stayed, and seemed to linger
round, as though
It did not matter over much, they had not far
to go.

But who'd have thought the swallows would
have left us in the night,
And never said a last good-bye to make our
hearts feel right?
Yet so they did, the swallows that awoke us
every morn,
Were with us in the evening, in the morning
they were gone.

Beneath the round moon, spreading soft white
light on sea and land:
'Mong withered leaves and sprays besprent with
autumn frost, I stand
And listen to musicians fair,—of all that come
and pass,
None bring more cheerful melody,—the crick-
ets in the grass.

When cold winds sweep the meadows o'er, when
singing birds are gone:
These music loving minstrels play, from even-
ing until morn;
With love alike for shaven lawn, for wood and
pasture still,
The cottage in the alley, and the mansion on
the hill.

They always seem like friends from home,
wherever they may be.
Once weakened by malaria, I crossed the China
sea,
Reshipped at Singapore to reach Calcutta up
the Bay,
Not altogether happy, with my home so far
away.

O Singapore with fragrant breath of flowers
and fruits that grow!
—How green the leaves of plumy palms! How
green the waves that flow!—
I see your fair thunbergia across the hedges
creep,
Lantana, and pale orchids, in whose cups the
night rains steep.

Again I see your tangled jungles, where the
pithons swing:
Where crouching tigers watch the deer, and
birds primeval sing;
Again the straw thatched bungalow, with
jungle torn away;
The streets where all the world has come, to
live as for a day.

You gave to us a pleasant ship; the captain
and the crew,
—Whatever came across our way,—were bound
to take us through.
You gave congenial passengers, made happy
night and day,
By rest and song and story, and the scenes of
Bengal Bay.

You gave the luscious mangosteen, the lichi
sweet and soft;
The pomelo, pineapple which refreshed us very
oft;
But best of all, you sent a cricket to my state-
room door,
To cheer me to Calcutta, all the way from
Singapore.

When night came on, and darkness settled down
upon the sea,
When sailors' song and merry banjo had no
charm for me,
The music making cricket, all the way from
Singapore,
To me brought home and friends, and places I
had known before.

Penang was weird in streets and people,
gharry and sedan;
The filth and squalor at the shore were never
made for man.
But far away, fresh waters play adown the
mountain side,
And groves of palms lift tossing arms, beyond
the harbor tide.

Penang gave passengers and cargo, fruit when ours was gone;
And venders came with rubies, pearls, and sapphires, from Ceylon.
But when the work was done, one sunny day we sailed away
To find the city of fair places, far up the Bay.

Of all the new and varied scenes we saw, what shall I say?
The full-rigged ship against the sky, the flying fish at play:
The cloud of gulls pursuing in a never ending flight,
The hot and lurid sky by day, the Southern Cross by night.

The light on Coco Island, Big and Little Andaman,
The sandy Gunga Saugor, where the river trip began;
The river trip most sinuous, 'mid shifting India sand,
Both in and out a-twisting, to Calcutta where we land.

Those days of rest and happiness I never shall
forget;
And many things which met me there, I see
and love them yet,
But best of all the cricket, trysting at my state-
room door,
To cheer me to Calcutta, all the way from
Singapore.

I listened for the blue-bird and the robin in the
spring:
And when they came, my heart went out with
such a welcoming,
I listen for the cricket when the summer birds
have fled:
When stars are old, when nights are cold, and
all the flowers are dead.

And when I thank my Father for the songs
that come and pass,
I don't forget the cricket, in the cold and
frosty grass;
The shy and hiding cricket, seeming glad to
shun the light,
But sure to make its music in the darkness of
the night.

Too apt are we to value day when farthest
from the dawn,
And learn the worth of little things, when
greater ones are gone.
But this I know God's works are good, with
profit filled and gain;
And nothing He has given life, was ever made
in vain.

JUN 6 1912

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